

The Leader.

A POLITICAL AND LITERARY REVIEW.

"The one idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and, by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1856.

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Review of the Week.

LORD PALMERSTON and Lord CLARENDON, though 'not deviating from the firmness which has hitherto animated them,' have yielded, and having refused to refer the Bolgrad question to a second Congress in Paris, they have at last agreed to refer that question! They have yielded, we are told, in the full confidence that the French Government agrees with them, and that they will obtain from the new Congress a ratification of their own view on the Bolgrad subject, together with the Isle of Serpents, and in short the whole fulfilment of the Treaty of Paris. How far this expectation is correct we shall ascertain in the sequel. The fact is, however, that after having stood out for some time,—after having boasted of a success with the help of the Count DE PERSIGNY and Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE,—our Ministers have been beaten by Count WALEWSKI, M. THOUVENEL, and Count DE MORNAY, and since they have been beaten outside the doors of the Conference, we know no reason why they should count upon victory within the doors.

At present the whole prospect on the Continent is that of an agreement between the Absolute Powers. The Emperor of the FRENCH appears to have gained his point, by setting one against the other. The Czar NICOLAS having refused to recognize him, he joins the English alliance, and he has beaten the Czar in the Black Sea; now he is recognized as the ally of Russia, he stands on a vantage ground towards Austria; as the coadjutor of Russia and Austria he has become independent of England. If he had any disposition to check the speculative activities of the Count DE MORNAY and other joint-stock jobbers of Paris, that disposition has yielded to the one view of policy. There is every probability that the joint-stock mania will extend itself to St. Petersburg, probably to Vienna, if not to Italy; and the commercial classes, already accomplices of the crowned heads and their statesmen, will 'go in for' a grander conspiracy than ever.

Thus, the Emperor of AUSTRIA signalizes his progress in his Italian provinces by much affected attention to the local and material improvement of the people. Exactly after the pattern of Paris and St. Petersburg and Co. FRANCIS JOSEPH also grants an 'amnesty' in favour of the sequestered Lombardo-Piedmontese; but we fully expect, from the past, to find some snare in the gift.

Although we can foresee trouble in the political horizon, the financiers of our Stock Exchange and the French Bourse bask under the present sunshine. Everything is 'favourable': the Bank of England has reduced its rate of discount to 6½ per cent., the French money market rejoices in the new project of railway extension for 1857. The Bank of England, indeed, has in part yielded to pressure. We are told that the rate is reduced in some degree, because without that ceremony the commercial world would not believe the panic past. The Bank raised its rate about three weeks since, in conjunction with that of France, for the purpose of checking extravagant speculation. The measures have been perfectly successful; but the money public, we are told, will not believe in the complete success until the measure itself is discontinued. The small degree to which the Bank has lowered the rate of discount proves that the directors did not feel perfect confidence in the actual state of things; and this is natural, since the causes of the late derangement continue without material change. Although a large quantity of gold has been brought into this country, especially from Australia, it is quite evident that gold will continue to be exported to France, and most likely to Germany; especially as Germany contemplates a larger use of gold in the currency, and the French Government has recently revived its proposal to adopt an exclusively gold standard. The export of silver from France, too, instead of being checked by the measures of Government, continues, and it flows through England towards the East. The main characteristics therefore of the state of money matters which called for the rise of discount by the Bank of England goes on unaltered; and the Bank directors, although they may be justified in meeting the public expectation by a reduction of their rate, are more than justified in making that reduction so very slight.

There are, indeed, some reasons for believing that the outflow of capital from this country will continue. The scheme of railway extension in France, for 1857, will perhaps induce those who have accumulated savings in that country to invest them rather at home than to send them for investment to Russia; but it evidently extends the field of investment for the most venturesome of all speculators, the English. The sum of more than 14,000,000*l.* will be expended, including 8,500,000*l.* of advance on new shares or loan; and probably the BARINGS, CHAPLINS, and BAXENDALES will see their interest in extending their

investment in French lines. Thus, the most legitimate extension of public works in France is calculated to assist the efflux of capital which our Bank has already been called upon to check.

The journals are publishing the text of the convention between our Government and the republic of Honduras, touching the Mosquito Indians and property of British settlers on the main, or in Ruatan and in the adjacent islands. Those British subjects are to be secure in the enjoyment of their property; the boundaries within which the Mosquito Indians reside are defined; the border lands which they had claimed are surrendered to Honduras on payment of an indemnity in the form of an annual payment; and a joint commission is to be appointed for the settlement of disputes and grievances. We stated the main terms of this convention some weeks back;—in fact, just after it was sent out to the other side: our contemporaries are now enlarging upon its provisions, and find in it a convenient settlement for many of those pretensions which the English Government had maintained, and which had become so exceedingly inconvenient to us.

The 'High' Church party is placed under a pressure both from above and below. While Brighton is rising against the schools that have been munificently established there by a BERRIFORD HOPE, under the ministrations of a WOODARD, Lord PALMERSTON is using the opportunities created by the death or resignation of bishops, to recruit the bench with the 'Low' Church party. There is every probability, therefore, that the Tractarians will be placed in a more disadvantageous position than they have yet had to encounter. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY is Low; in fact, all the great authorities in the Church are becoming appropriated by that faction. At the same time it must be confessed that Lord PALMERSTON's selections have been guided by the desire to obtain hard-working churchmen, who would stimulate and assist the inferior clergy in a more strenuous exercise of their office and influence, than has been common with great numbers. Taken altogether, these changes have the tendency to diminish the division between the Church and a large number of Dissenters, between the Church, it may be said, and the great body of the people.

Some recent events in the Church appear likely to promote the same tendency. If GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON has been sharply called to

account for putting his own interpretation on the Thirty-nine Articles, the manifestoes which have been put forward by the Bishop of Exeter and the Reverend Frederick Maurice, condone his offence in a very curious way. The Bishop of Exeter rather defends GEORGE ANTHONY; for, although he admits that the Thirty-nine Articles must be taken as the conclusive index of doctrine in the Church, he vindicates the right of the clergyman to refer to the other statutes of the Church for his guide in discipline and in interpreting the Articles. Mr. MAURICE openly avows the hope that the Articles will not be taken as the exclusive standard of doctrine in the Church. Here then we have both High Church Exeter and nondescript MAURICE practically undermining the Thirty-nine Articles, which have constituted in point of fact the standard of exclusiveness in the Church of England; while Lord PALMERSTON is placing at the head of the Church men whose government is likely to guide it nearer to the opinion and feeling of the great body of the people. We are not quite prepared to vindicate all the motives that may be mingling with these ecclesiastical agitations, but it is impossible not to note their general bearing on the object which we have so long had in view,—the Church of England to be the Church of the people of England.

Lord LUCAN has tried to obtain vengeance upon the *Daily News* for its censure of his conduct in the Crimea, and has failed. The journal accused him of being a bad cavalry commander, of not promoting the good understanding which should subsist between the Commander-in-Chief and his inferior officers, of occasioning by a misinterpretation of order that murderous charge at Balaklava, and, in short, recapitulated some of the most signal proofs of Lord LUCAN's unfitness as a public officer. When he demanded the retraction of the charge and an apology, the *Daily News* demanded to know which charge should be retracted and for which the apology should be tendered. After the trial we can well understand why Lord LUCAN did not comply with that counter-demand: his position perplexed him; to decide upon any one charge which was in itself false, or any one word of censure which necessarily required apology, was perhaps impossible. He laid the article before the Court of Exchequer on the general issue, and the *Daily News* pleaded the right of the press to criticize the conduct of public men. The judge was Chief Baron Pollock, whom we well remember as a leading lawyer on the Tory side, but who even as an advocate was distinguished by the upright and generous spirit of his conduct, and who has helped, equally with the most illustrious of our judges, to sustain the exalted character of the English Bench. In a very simple form he referred the case to the jury, and the verdict for the defendant is a new charter for the liberties of the English press. It is the first instance of a trial on the particular issue under the last change of the liberal law, which has been construed to acknowledge that the conduct of public men may be freely and even severely criticized, if the censure be without malice. The example of bondage under which the press is kept in other countries, helps to make us value more highly than ever the public right which we are sustaining and developing.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

THE SCOTCH MONUMENT TO WALLACE.

A MEETING was held at Edinburgh on Thursday week in support of the movement commenced at Stirling last August, for erecting a national monument to Sir William Wallace on the Abbey Craig, near Stirling, "overlooking the field where, five centuries and a half since, he routed the invading English army, and established the liberties and independence of Scotland." Among those present were the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Provost of Stirling, the Provost of Lanark, Professor Blackie, Mr. Logan, Sheriff of Perthshire, Mr. Tait, Sheriff of Clackmannan; Mr. Noel Paton, and other Scottish artists, several of the magistrates and councillors of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other towns, &c. The reader will readily understand the perspiration of enthusiasm into which Scotchmen would infallibly work

themselves on such an occasion. The chief speaker was Professor Blackie—he who recently exposed the deficiencies of Scotch learning; yet, notwithstanding that damaging admission, his remarks on the present occasion were of the most 'cock-a-doodle-doo' kind. Nothing could exceed the national boasting which he uttered. Not content with asserting (what was not in itself unreasonable) that Providence intended a distinction of nations, and that it was undesirable for Scotchmen to forget their natural characteristics, he proceeded thus:—

"We have reason to fear a tendency to be Anglified, and to forget that we are Scotchmen. There is a great danger of people, for the sake of fashion, and glitter, and rank, and show, going to England, and there forgetting that they are Scotchmen. Young men go to Oxford and learn there a very little Greek (a laugh) and a great deal of Episcopacy, and a small portion of Popery, and a good deal of anti-Scottish sentiment—in fact, they become completely smoothed over. Now, gentlemen, this is a serious business. You will find that this Wallace monument goes into a very deep question, into the general tendency of Scotchmen to forget themselves, and to become apes of what I would call, in many respects, an inferior people. (Laughter and cheers.) At all events, I would never allow the English church, with its semi-Popish flatteries and mummeries, a church manufactured by a King and a parcel of sycophantic priests, to be a superior church to the Scottish church, worked out by the very blood and muscle of the people. (Cheers.) I deny that even Oxford or Cambridge, with all their appliances of cram, and examination, and rewards in mere money, can produce such an amount of thought and real independent intellectual vigour as the Scottish Universities, provided the Scottish Universities will be true to themselves, and the Scottish people true to their universities." (Applause.)

After some other speeches, the meeting separated. The subscriptions for the monument, according to the statement of a Scotch paper, have reached but a small amount.

KOSSUTH ON THE FOREIGN POLICY OF ENGLAND.

In a lecture recently delivered by invitation in the Temperance Hall, Leicester, on "The General Political State of Continental Europe," M. Kossuth remarked:—"It was a lamentable fact, that the power of despotism was the same now as before the war, and especially as we had Napoleon entering so far into our foreign policy. England was a noble country, and the English a brave people; but he would ask if they had too much blood, and too little debt, that in their foreign policy they should ally themselves with despots rather than declare for freedom? Constitutionalism in this country could espouse the cause of freedom without compromising English principles. He was not a socialist, because society was not a mechanism but an organism, and the mathematical calculations and material provisions of one country were not adapted to the circumstances of another. He therefore repudiated system-mongering socialism. Society should be a mutual insurance company, to secure by ingenuity and industry the moral and material well-being of its members. In conclusion, he would ask if he should part from them in despondency or in hope. For himself, he would say in hope, strengthened by faith."

M. Kossuth has also addressed the working classes of Edinburgh in one of the largest of the Congregational churches, Mr. Black, M.P., presiding. The attendance was very large, and the requisition which had been tendered to the lecturer was sixty-four feet long, with a double row of signatures. The observations of the speaker were in many respects a repetition of those made by him at Leicester and Manchester: a few specimens will, therefore, suffice. "Great principles," observed M. Kossuth, "derive safety from extension alone. A principle that does not extend itself is doomed to wither like a sapless tree. The despots of the Continent perfectly understand the truth, and have succeeded but too well in carrying it out. The American slaveholders, with their oligarchy of colour—the worst of all oligarchies—understand it, and are ready to risk life, fortune, and even the existence of the American Union, for the extension of their execrable system. Principles, good or bad, can subsist only by extension. It is indeed the hereditary curse of mankind that virtue should be blind, but vice ever active and far-seeing. This country is now the only one in which representative government is still standing; and you may believe me that hatred—inexorable, implacable hatred—of this country is with the despots of Europe the thought of their waking hours and the dream of their restless sleep. And how could it be otherwise when, though purple crime walks there with dilated front, incorruptible public opinion here brands it with the stigma of infamy, and holds it up to the execration of the contemporary age, and to the reprobation of future history? (Cheers.) How should they not hate this country when the poor, homeless exile may speak as I am speaking, and raise an echoing thunder of approbation from the lips of millions?" (Cheers.) M. Kossuth then referred to the internal state of Britain, and to the urgency for various reforms, especially for the further political recognition of the democratic element, and for those measures which are required for the social amelioration of the working classes. He said that what stopped the course of legislation in this country is the unsettled state of the Continent, and

that England would never be able to pursue in quiet her domestic legislation, or carry out peacefully her commercial enterprise, till the nationalities of Europe are emancipated. He did not, as had been asserted, desire to see her sympathizing with freedom. "What," he asked, "stands between the raising of the world's arm and its falling on the neck of despotism? It is the momentary success of one man—only one man, a poor worm of the dust, doomed to return to dust—and his name is Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. (Cheers.) Sir, I do not believe in the stability of successful crime." (Renewed cheers.) M. Kossuth has also delivered at Edinburgh an address on the state of Naples; but, as the opinions here expressed have been previously uttered by him, and printed in these columns, we need not now repeat them.

THE NEW STREET THROUGH SOUTHWARK.

A meeting of the ratepayers of the borough of Southwark was held at the Hope Tavern, Gravel-lane, on Wednesday night, for the purpose of taking into consideration the necessity of opposing the route of the new street proposed to be made by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and substituting for it the more direct line proposed by the plan of Mr. Penethorne. It was finally determined to form a deputation to wait on Sir Benjamin Hall.

THE ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM ASSOCIATION.

MR. JOHN REVANS, the general Secretary of the Administrative Reform Association, has addressed a long letter to Mr. Roebuck, M.P., the chairman. The future course of the body is here mapped out, and we are presented with a scheme for acting upon the constituencies, in order that these, in their turn, may act upon the existing Government:—

"During the last few months, several inquiries have been commenced; each inquiry being managed by a separate staff, in separate departments.

"The Diplomacy Branch will act through a system of foreign agencies. Through such an organization, the people of this country will generally be apprised of the intrigues of the Foreign-office long before they have produced any serious results upon the unfortunate people of other countries.

"The Colonial Branch of the Association will place itself in steady and active communication with the most energetic and intelligent of our colonists, and thus become possessed of the particulars of every colonial grievance.

"The Fiscal Branch will confine itself to tracing the expenditure of every sum, from the time it leaves the pocket of the tax-payer.

"It will be imperative to inquire, with regard to the Admiralty, to what extent the system of dipping the public is carried on by that Board.

"The Patronage Branch will inquire into the merits of the appointment or promotion of every individual in the service of the public, from the Governor-General of India down to the junior tide-waiter at some small English outpost; and also ascertain whether every public servant is as well cared for as 'Dombey'; and if not, why Dombey is better cared for than any other public servant.

"The never-ceasing endeavours of the Home Department to destroy the ancient and valuable local institutions of this country—the groundwork of our political freedom—and to substitute the centralizing systems of France, of Austria, and of Russia, will receive the most anxious attention of the Association.

Further on, Mr. Revans says:—

"Few constituencies have the slightest knowledge of the conduct of their members, beyond the occasional record in the public press of a vote upon some party squabble in the House of Commons, and therefore know not how far to depend upon them. To remedy this evil, we have established an office for registering every vote given by each member during each session of the Parliament, his address, speeches, and promises at the meetings; his speeches, if any, in the House; together with such of his antecedents as may be a guide to his public conduct: all these will be made known to each constituency in time for the next election.

"As the will to elect or reject any particular candidate may often be frustrated by the disreputable conduct of those who obtain seats in Parliament by bribery or intimidation, we have established an office, the duties of which are to attend to everything connected with the possession and the exercise of the franchise. In this office are being enrolled the most accurate particulars connected with the constituencies of the kingdom, to the extent in many cases of knowing every voter, the undue influence and pressure upon the electors, and the persons who systematically demoralize or dominate them. All connected with the laws of registration, elections, and election petitions, will be ascertained by the 'Franchise Branch' of the Association. So that every person claiming to be on the register, every candidate ignorant of the laws of election, and every committee, may receive from our legal adviser the perfect assistance, and without the slightest expense."

A SUNDAY MORNING EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF THE NEW JERUSALEM.

We have received the following curious letter, which, we think, will be read with interest:—

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Sir,—Tradition tells us that once upon a time a preacher commenced his sermon by assuring his congregation that the church would be much more crowded were he to advertise his intention of delivering a discourse while standing upon his head, dressed in a cherry-coloured suit of velvet. To every man desirous of setting up an example for himself, some new fashion of eccentricity is necessary, and the most successful will be the one which is the least conventional. These extravagances of manner, so long as the doctrine remains unaffected, must not be unreservedly condemned; for they oftentimes attract to the House of God the idle and the curious, who coming there to scoff, remain to pray. My own experiences are a case in point, in a minor degree. In common with the rest of the world, that is, of London, I had heard of the New Park-street Apostle, and was moved by curiosity to behold and listen to a man who had drawn together a larger assemblage than Julian. Already, indeed, I had been enabled to form some idea of the matter of his services, from having invested sixpence in the purchase of half a dozen. Some of his peculiarities, also, thus became known to me. I was aware that he frequently dramatized little scenes in which the Persons of the Trinity were somewhat profanely introduced. "Oh! I think," he once exclaimed, "there is nothing that should give a Christian more than to know that Christ has been wounded in the house of his friends. See, there comes my Saviour with bleeding hands and feet. 'Oh, my Jesus, my Jesus, who shed that blood? Whence comes that wound? Why lookest thou so sad?' He replies, 'I have been wounded, but guess where I received the blow?' 'Why, Lord, sure thou wast wounded in the temple; thou wast wounded where sinners met, in the seat of the scornful; thou wast wounded in the middle hall.' 'No, I was not,' saith Christ; 'I was wounded in the house of my friends; these soars were made by those who sat at my table, and bore my name, and talked my language; they pierced me and crucified me afresh, and put me to an open shame.' Far worst of sinners they that pierce Christ thus whilst professing to be friends. Caesar wept not until Brutus stabbed him; then was it that he was overcome, and exclaimed, 'Et tu, Brute!'—And thou, hast thou stabbed me!"

Mr. Spurgeon's classical allusions are sometimes peculiar, and assume a modern garb. It is thus he alludes an illustration from the battle of Thermopylae:—

"When a small band of Protestants were striving for liberties in Switzerland, they bravely defended a pass against an immense host. Though their dearest friends were slain, and they were themselves weary and ready to drop with fatigue, they stood firm in the defence of the cause they had espoused. On a sudden, however, a cry was heard—a dread and terrible shriek. The enemy was winding up a steep acclivity, and when the commander turned his eye thither, oh, how his brow gathered with storm! He ground his teeth, and stamped his feet, for he knew that some crafty Protestant had led the blood-thirsty foe up the goat-track to slay his friends; then turning to his friends, he said 'On!' and like a lion on his prey, they rushed upon his enemies, ready now to die, for a friend had betrayed them."

His application of well-known anecdotes, slightly distorted, is sometimes amusing. Poor Marie Antoinette and her *bouillons* are thus made to do duty on one occasion:—

"I have heard of a lady who never knew poverty in all her life, and consequently she could not sympathize with the poor. She heard the complaint that bread was extremely dear, when it was running up to fourteen pence a loaf. 'Oh!' she said, 'I have no patience with the poor people, grumbling about the dearth of bread. If bread is so dear, let them live on penny buns; they are always cheap enough.'"

At other times he quotes some homely incident from every-day life, after this fashion:—

"It is astonishing for how little a man will sell his own soul. I remember an anecdote—I believe it is true; I had almost said I hope it is. A minister going across some fields, met a countryman, and said to him, 'Well, friend, it is a most delightful day?' 'Yes, sir, it is.' And having spoken to him about the beauties of the scenery and so forth, he said, 'How thankful we ought to be for our mercies! I hope you never come out without praying?' 'Pray, sir?' said he, 'why I never pray; I have got nothing to pray for.' 'What a strange man,' said the minister; 'don't your wife pray?' 'If she likes.' 'Don't your children pray?' 'If they like, they do.' 'Well, you mean to say you do not pray,' said the minister (as I think, not very rightly, no doubt he saw the man was superstitious). 'Now, I will give you half-a-crown if you will promise me not to pray as long as you live.' 'Very well,' said the man, 'I don't see what I have got to pray for; and he took the half-crown. When he went home, the thought struck him, 'What have I done?' And something said to him, 'Well, John, you will die soon, and you will want to pray then; you will have to stand before your Judge,

and it will be a sad thing not to have prayed.' Thoughts of this kind came over him, and he felt dreadfully miserable; and the more he thought, the more miserable he felt. His wife asked him what was the matter. He could hardly tell her for some time; at last he confessed he had taken half-a-crown not to pray again, and that was *preying* on his mind. The poor ignorant soul thought it was the evil one that had appeared to him. 'Ay, John,' said she, 'sure enough it was the devil, and you have sold your soul to him for that half-crown.' The poor creature could not work for several days, and he became perfectly miserable, from the conviction that he had sold himself to the evil one. However, the minister knew what he was about, and there was a barn close by, and he was going to preach there; he guessed the man would be there to ease his terror of mind, and sure enough he was there one Sabbath evening, and he heard the same man who gave him the half-crown take for his text these words, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Ay, said he, 'what will it profit the man who sold his soul for half-a-crown?' Up gets the man, crying out, 'Sir, take it back! take it back!' 'Why,' said the minister, 'you want the half-crown, and you said you did not need to pray.' 'But, sir,' he said, 'I must pray; if I do not pray, I am lost; and after some testing by parleying, the half-crown was returned, and the man was on his knees praying to God.'

But although Mr. Spurgeon thus indulges in what may be termed the pre-Raphaelite school of narrative, he is by no means an admirer of that school of painting. His criticism on Mr. Hunt's "Scapegoat" is unique:—

"There was this year exhibited in the Art Union a fine picture of the scapegoat dying in the wilderness; it was represented with a burning sky above it, its feet sticking in the mire, surrounded by hundreds of skeletons, and there dying a doleful and miserable death. Now, that was just a piece of gratuitous nonsense, for there is nothing in the Scripture that warrants it in the least degree. The rabbis tell us that this goat was taken by a man into the wilderness, and there tumbled down a high rock to die; but, as an excellent commentator tells us, if the man did push it down the rock, he did more than God ever told him to do. God told him to take a goat and let it go; as to what became of it, neither you nor I know anything; that is purposely left."

Mr. Spurgeon is, of course, a believer in the pleasant doctrine of election by grace. Some persons, he says, consider it rather unfair that, as all God's creatures are his children, any portion of them should be "sent to hell;" but he has "got a small question" to ask of such unreasonable beings:—

"How do you explain this: that if the devils and fallen angels are all lost, and yet, according to your own showing, fallen men have all a chance of being saved? How do you make that out? 'Oh!' say you, 'that is a different matter; I was not calculating about the fallen angels.' But if you were to ask the devil about it, he would not tell you it was a different matter; he would say, 'Sir, if all men are God's children, all devils are quite as much so. I am sure they ought to stand on the same footing as men, and a fallen angel has as much right to call himself one of God's children as a fallen man.' And I should like you to answer the devil on that subject on your own hypothesis. Let Satan for once ask you a question: 'You say it is unfair of God to send one of his children to hell, and take another to heaven. Now, you have said all creatures are his children. Well, I am a creature, and therefore I am his child. I want to know, my friend,' says Satan, 'how you make it just that my Father should send me to hell, and let you go to heaven?' Now, you must settle that question with the devil; I will not answer for you."

Boanerges' photograph of the infernal regions is not inviting:—

"There is a place," he says, "as much beneath imagination as heaven is above it; a place of murky darkness, where only lurid flames make darkness visible; a place where beds of flame are the fearful couches upon which spirits groan; a place where God Almighty from his month (!) pours a stream of brimstone, kindling that 'pile of wood and of much smoke' which God has prepared of old as a Tophet for the lost and ruined. There is a spot, whose only sights are scenes of fearful woe; there is a place, I do not know where it is, it is somewhere, not in the bowels of this earth I trust—for that were a sad thing for this world to have hell within its bowels; but somewhere, in a far-off world, there is a place where the only music is the mournful symphony of damned spirits; whose howling, groaning, moaning, wailing, and gasping of teeth make up the horrid concert. There is a place, where demons fly, swift as air, with whips of knotted burning wire, torturing poor souls, whose tongues, on fire with agony, burn the roofs of mouths that shrieks (*sic*) for drops of water—that water all denied. There is a place, where soul and body endure as much of infinite wrath as the finite can bear; where the indignities of justice crush the soul, where the continual flagellations of vengeance beat the flesh; where the perpetual pourings-out of the vials of eternal wrath scald the spirit, and where the cuttings of the sword strike deep into the inner man. Ah! sir, I cannot picture this; within an hour some of you may know it."

Is it a minister of the Christians' God, or of the blood-dripping goddess Bhawane, who utters these impious ravings? And then this place, which is somewhere, happens to be so dreadfully easy of access, that the reverend gentleman could find no better illustration of the rapidity of descent than by sliding down the banisters from the pulpit. As a type of the difficulty of the ascent to the celestial regions, he warped himself up again hand over hand. So, at least, it is currently reported by some who profess to have beheld the scene with their own eyes, and—in the words of Mr. Jules Janin—I would add, "I believe the story to be true, though I heard it from an eye-witness." His dialogues with the Deity are, however, even more startling than his pulpit gymnastics. On these occasions he assumes the God, affects to nod, or rather to speak in a proud overbearing manner, no doubt in the way in which he would himself act were he invested with rank and power. The poor mortal is represented as cringing and trembling, with bending form and faltering voice. Here is a particularly mild example of such a dialogue:—

"Beloved, God has power to fulfil the promise, 'I will be their God.' 'Oh!' cries the sinner, 'I will not have thee for a God.' 'Wilt thou not?' says he, and he gives him over to the hand of Moses; Moses takes him a little and applies the club of the law, drags him to Sinai, when the mountain totters over his head, the lightning's flash, and thunders bellow, and then the sinner cries, 'O God, save me!' 'Ah! I thought thou wouldst not have me for a God.' 'O Lord, thou shalt be my God,' says the poor trembling sinner, 'I have put away my ornaments from me; O Lord, what wilt thou do unto me? Save me! I will give myself to thee. Oh! take me!' 'Ay,' says the Lord, 'I knew it; I said that I will be their God; and I have made thee willing in the day of my power.'"

Mr. Spurgeon's last avatar took place more than a century ago. A writer of some amusing sketches of the Scotch, in the *London Magazine* for January, 1755, mentions a Presbyterian Minister (i.e. Mr. S. as he 'used to be') who delivered himself of the following dialogue relating to the fall of man:—

"(First he spoke in a low voice):—'And the Lord God came into the garden and said, "Adam, where art thou?" (Then loud and angrily), "Adam, where art thou?" (Low and humbly), "Lo, here am I, Lord!" (Violently), "And what are you doing there?" (With a fearful, trembling accent), "Lord, I was naked and I hid myself." (Outrageously), "Naked! And what then? Hast thou eaten?" &c., &c."

Is it surprising, then, Mr. Editor, that I should have laid my head on my pillow last night with the fixed determination of beholding on the morrow this mysterious individual, seemingly doomed to appear once in every century upon earth for the amusement of the idle, the amazement of the ignorant, and the disgust of the conventional? In my previous wanderings in search of the New Jerusalem—the building which, by the way, a late distinguished officer of the Bengal army seriously assigned to the souls of Freemasons—no sooner have I sighted the Cape of Good Hope than contrary winds have driven me right across an ocean of doubts to Cape Horn, and there abandoned me to my fate amidst floating icebergs. It was, therefore, with peculiar satisfaction that I looked forward to the prospect of discovering a north-west passage under the guidance of such a skilful commander.

Early on this Sabbath morning, as I awoke from a troubled dream, from pure indigestion bred, I found a piercing north-east wind was rushing into my garret through the broken pane which furnishes the sole means of ventilation. Hastily closing the aperture with my last week's stockings, I proceeded to make my toilette with unusual care, in the hope of fascinating some one of the cheerful, well-endowed widows, vulgarly regarded as the pillars (or pillows?) of the rum-and-religion, tea-and-tabernacle, chapel-and-crumpest interest. My nearest neighbour, the sky, was veiled from mortal view by a grey mantle of smoke provided by the fires of the rich for the comfort of those who cannot have fires of their own. The subject titles were spotted with hoarfrost, suggestive of the senility of the year '56, suggestive of mince-pies and mistletoe, suggestive also of the tailor no longer cringing. Far away to the south-east Dan Phœbus was coming out of the German Ocean, with his honest face all in a glow from his cold ablutions. And now behold me equipped for conquest. One last searching gaze into the tarnished mirror, one last vain effort to twist the horns of my hair into a curl, one last touch to my patent leather Alberts with sweet oil rubbed in with an old tooth-brush, and I descend into the streets. How changed from the bustle and throng of yesterday. There is so much spare room on the pavement, that in-everybody's-way boys prefer playing in the middle of the road. The very cars gambol about as in the main street of a village. Pausing an instant to admire the latest Parisian novelty in front of Fumival's Inn, and to murmur a blessing on the *Times* for preventing the exportation of iron to Russia, and thus enabling us to adorn our streets with such graceful monuments, I hurry onwards to Blackfriars-bridge without let or hindrance. The salt tide rushing up broke in tiny wavelets, giving itself airs because it came from the mighty ocean. Great lumbering barges drifted carelessly and clumsily up the stream, too lazy or too boorish even to look at the fussy little

steamer which dashes by them with the swagger of gaudy pretentiousness. On the dome of St. Paul's the emblem of the Christian's hope, lighted up by the rays of the adoring sun, shone out bright and clear above the smoke and dross of the City; while on the opposite side the grim, shapeless shot-tower spoke of wrath, and violence, and ungoverned passion. And now there were more signs of vitality, foot passengers became more frequent, and even an occasional cab might be seen freighted with live lumber. Here a party of three spruce apprentices, with large-checked neckcloths, pierced with a yellow pin, guiltless of gold, were hurrying on to Tottenham-court-road to escort as many 'misses' to 'ampstead, or 'ighgate, or 'ornsey Wood. There the hebdomadally shaven artisan was striding along with his hard-featured, bright-bonneted wife, carrying in her arms a lump of vivid putty, regardless of the injunction to 'commit no nuisance.' A mourning coach with two sable steeds is waiting at its door, but bent on no hypocritical errand. It is not going about the streets this day with grief made to order: a merry family group are off to Annerley, and those baskets from their weight impress agreeable associations on the inner man. A little further on a crazy old phaeton, drawn by a small, rough, long-haired, grey quadruped, is about to convey a dapper little man and a largely developed wife to Uncle Sam's, who has a market-garden near Forest-hill—the smallest quantity of horse to the largest quantity of wife. Ah! involuntarily I shudder and draw back as from the adjoining court emerges a casual unsouped Delilah, blotchy and blue-eyed, hazy and nebulous, dreamy and devious, dreaming of gas-light, dreaming of alcohol, dazzled by daylight, vandyking the pavement without rudder or compass, heavily lurching till brought up by the lamp-post, "What'll you shtan' ol' feller?—giv ush shum drink," reeking with gin, and deeming herself a duchess. Grazed by these icebergs, hemmed in by these floes, by the time I had reached the 'Oleisk in front of the Indigenous Blind, my sensations were those of Columbus when he again fell in with sea-birds and the drifting weed. For here I actually secured a bit of gulf-weed, in the shape of a 'stirling tract,' the 'fifteenth million of the series.' It told how a young gardener in Scotland was making a road from the gate-lodge to a mansion, in March, 1842, when he was suddenly seized with a dangerous illness, and, in reply to the consoling observations of his friends, could only say, "I have been making a road to hell." In a few weeks he recovered and was seen walking slowly down the avenue, wan and emaciated, but lost in silent meditation. The scales fell from his eyes (in Scotland, remember), he gave up making roads downhill, and "in heart became a missionary." *Charmed by this indication of being near a port, I was further encouraged by beholding a gull, or some other fishy bird of prey, with cold, grey, restless eyes, like those of the daughters of the horse-leech described by naturalists—on the authority of King Solomon—as always crying "Give, give."* With one wing this creature unceasingly flapped the air, while the extremity of the other was inserted in a sort of pouch. Hoarse, croaking sounds issued from its throat, in which, from the redundancy of *As*, an itch-bone seemed to have stuck. And this was the burden of its monotone:—"You must have faith, brethren. There was faith in this island only a short time ago—a short time in the hearth's hage. It was faith that caused the Druids to make 'uge vicker baskets, into which they crammed men, women, and children, and then set fire to them in honour of their idol. At this day there is faith in Hindia. There the poor benighted heathen throw themselves beneath the wheels of Jugger Naught, and think they hexpate their sins." At this moment a bus slowly crawled past, and the profane conductor cried out, "Go it, Mike!" "Mike" paused, shot a basilisk glance at the fellow, and muttering, in an under-tone, "Oh, my soul, sit not thou in the seat of the scorner," continued with his discourse about the hefficiency of faith, while I trudged on through the architectural 'remnants' which in this neighbourhood pass muster for houses and streets. At one time I was nearly returning to my garret, thinking I had mistaken the day, for a brisk traffic was going on, and shops and stalls were open as at any other period of the week. Presently, however, I remembered that there could be no harm in works of love, mercy, and necessity. Jack's photograph for 6d., or Mary Jane's "in this style," neatly framed, for 1s., was clearly a work of love; just as it was a work of mercy to put an end to the lingering misery of those unhappy oysters. And who can deny that it is a work of necessity to buy greens for the good man's Sunday dinner when they can be had for "three apence a bunch," or to flavour the potatoes with an 'errin,' when these can be got "three for tuppence?"

The doors were not yet open, but a considerable crowd had already gathered together. Somebody, troubled with the infirmity of always chattering, hoped we should have a moving exposition of the Gospel. "Oh, he is not the same man since that haxidint," replied one who looked like a gentleman's groom. "In what way?" I ventured to ask. "Well, sir," said he—just as civilly as if I had ever owned a horse—"he appears like as if the ginger had dropped out." "What a funny-looking building!" exclaimed another. "Yes," complacently remarked his companion, "it is an eastern building—somewhere in China, I have heard." "Gammon!"

croaked an ancient mariner, "it's no more Chinese than my right hand's my left." "Well," rejoined the other, deprecatingly, "it's either Chinese or Burmese, I won't be certain which." Just then the doors were thrown open, and a rush took place, everybody for himself, and nobody for unprotected females—happily, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, they are furnished with sharp elbows. In a few minutes the spacious building was filled in every part, but without any inconvenient crowding. The utmost decorum prevailed. Once inside there was no more squeezing, pushing, trampling. I was struck by the immense preponderance of the male sex; mostly mechanics and small tradesmen, a large proportion of whom were young men. Instead of the aristocratic baldness, you looked down upon a platform of smooth, well-oiled, bushy-haired heads. The aristocratic element, indeed, was altogether wanting. Instead of musk, and lavender, and patchouli, you were greeted with the fragrance of peppermint, which in the evening would probably have been modified with a flavour of onion. A general blowing of noses ensued, red and blue handkerchiefs with large white spots being much in vogue with the gentlemen. Then everybody coughed once or twice a short, dry bark. And then the preacher appeared in his lofty and roomy pulpit, constructed after the fashion of the Cossack look-outs at the foot of the Caucasus. He was a young man, with a sallow complexion, a broad, flabby face, sensual about the jaws, his hair divided nearly in the middle, and streaked down on either side, an affectation of inspiration about the eyes, and the simper of conscious salvation on the lips; his shoulders, and carcass generally, lumpy. The service commenced with a short prayer for grace, to which succeeded a psalm of several verses and indifferent metre, sung in several keys, as suited each singer, mostly sharp, and always loud. Altogether it was a considerable noise, and everybody did his or her best, particularly a young woman behind myself, whose shrill, wiry voice shrieked through the windings of a hollow cork-screw and caused me acute pain at the pit of my stomach. After the psalm a portion of Scripture was read and expounded—coarsely, but not unskillfully. And this was followed by a very loud prayer, illustrating Mr. Grattan's charge against Dissenters, that they always seem to be "on terms of noisy familiarity with their Maker." It was not so much praying as talking to the Deity, and pointing out what must be done for the congregation during the ensuing week; in fact, until further orders. Some more singing, in which my friend the nymph of the steam-whistle again distinguished herself, served as a prelude to the sermon. I am bound to confess that I never for a moment slept, or nodded, or dozed, throughout its delivery—a thing almost unprecedented. I despair of giving you any idea of the preacher's manner. His voice is possessed of great compass, and in an ordinarily sized church would be very effective: the exertion of filling so large a building as the Surrey Hall made it occasionally rather harsh. His enunciation is as clear as his denunciations are emphatic. He possesses considerable melodramatic power, and in the delivery of moral platitudes would draw down the gallery at the Victoria or the Princess's: he would surpass Charles Kean as *Rolla*. At times he rose to a strain of rude eloquence which held his hearers in suspense, and stopped even the eternal coughing. *Intentique ora tenebant*. His illustration were often appropriate, but more familiar and homely than one is accustomed to, in these days of refined taste and good breeding. Frequently he broke off into a dialogue with an imaginary sinner, or with Satan himself, or even with the Deity. He seemed fond of alluding to himself, to his own labours and experiences, and to the attacks made upon him by his enemies, who are also the enemies of God. His language was bold, forcible, and ungrammatical. Ever and anon he introduced some doggerel lines, which he spouted with great emphasis and noise. He is evidently an ill-educated man, but one possessed of energy, self-confidence, and fluency of speech. He is never at a loss for an expression, and he expresses himself clearly, though not with elegance, or after the style of Oxford or Cambridge. The subject of his sermon was Manasseh in the threefold light of a bold sinner, who knew what was right, but purposely did what was wrong—of an unbeliever, who becomes so because he has been a sinner—and finally, of a penitent. These various phases of character furnished him with many opportunities of dramatizing the position of his hero, and in this he displayed as much versatility as a Woodin. I suspect his doctrine is not quite orthodox; I know it is contrary to common sense, but perhaps that may be an argument in its favour. However, he succeeded in making himself master for nearly two hours of at least 8000 human beings, and of impressing upon them the necessity of self-examination and repentance. His vulgarities of manner and style would not appear as such to the bulk of his hearers, and are certainly a matter of minor consideration. The real point, of course, is the subject of his teaching, and on that I am not competent to decide. But I can quite understand that he is likely to do really good service among the class to which he belongs, though he would be a scandal and a nuisance at St. George's, Hanover-square, or in Westminster Abbey.

Your obedient servant,
PARCUS CULTOR.

ACCIDENTS AND SUDDEN DEATHS.

The verdict has at length been delivered in connexion with the inquest on the bodies of the two men killed at the Nantyderry station of the Hereford Railway. After deliberating for two hours and a half, the jury gave in the annexed decision:—"We are of opinion that the deceased persons, Edmund Henry Hands and Mark Hicks, came to their deaths near the Nantyderry station, on the Newport, Abergavenny, and Hereford Railway, on the 12th day of November last, owing to a mineral train running into two carriages of the down express train, which had been thrown across the up-line in consequence of the engine having lost her left hand leading spring, and having run off the line at this place. We find a verdict of manslaughter against George King, the running-shed foreman, and also a verdict of manslaughter against Nathaniel Sargent, the driver of the down express train. We are of opinion that it is desirable that the locomotive superintendent should personally examine all candidates for offices in his department, and that reading and writing should be always considered as necessary qualifications for such candidates." Sargent is supposed to have absconded. King was absent in attendance on his duties. Steps were ordered to be taken for the apprehension of both. They will take their trials at the next Monmouthshire assize, to be held in March, 1857.

A gentleman has been killed at the Lime-street railway station, Liverpool, owing to his own carelessness in getting out of a carriage before the train had come to a stop. Slipping between the platform and the wheels, he received such severe injuries that, when taken out, he faintly implored those who were assisting not to touch him, but to let him die there. He was removed, however, to the Infirmary, where he expired in about half an hour.

A circumstance occurred on Wednesday week on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire railway, a mile on this side of Sheffield, which might have been attended with fatal consequences. It appears from an account transmitted to the *Times* by one of the passengers, that the train, in rounding one of the curves, ran off the rails, ploughed up the ground for some distance, struck the opposite rails, and at length, lost in momentum in the gravel, and came to a standstill. After a delay of more than two hours, the passengers were forwarded by other trains. The writer of the account confidently asserts that the accident was caused by the shamefully defective state of the rails, added to the frequent sharp curves. Where the train went off the rail was quite worn down at the side, so that it was turning the curve there was not sufficient 'catch' to the flange of the engine-wheel.

An action for damages, arising out of injury sustained by the plaintiff, Mr. Bayley, a barrister-at-law, member of the Home Circuit, who was knocked down, while getting into an omnibus in Waterloo-place, by a cart belonging to the Great Northern Railway Company, has been brought in the Court of Queen's Bench, and has terminated in a verdict for Mr. Bayley—damages, 180*l*. It appeared he had been so severely hurt in the spinal cord that he had since been unable to attend to business. The defence was that the symptoms had been exaggerated, and that the injuries were of less importance than had been alleged; but the company did not deny their liability.—In the same court, James Dyer, a blind man, engaged at a factory near Whitechapel, brought an action against Messrs. Woodbridge and Co., the brewers (trading under the title of Hoare and Co.), for injuries resulting from the negligence of their servants. Some of the draymen were lowering casks of beer in a public-house cellar, and had guarded the gap by placing empty barrels, &c., against it; but, as it would seem, not sufficiently, for Dyer, who was going along at the time, feeling his way with a stick, fell into the cellar, and seriously hurt one of his legs. The jury decided in his favour, and assessed the damages at 47*l*.

The Countess of Desart met with a serious accident while staying at Lord Craven's a short time since. She was thrown from her horse; but the accident was regarded slightly until, on her arrival in town four days afterwards, it was discovered that the blade-bone was broken. Her ladyship is progressing favourably.

George Pawlett, a man employed by Mr. Burn, of the Market-place, Lincoln, druggist, in the preparation of varnish, has endured a frightful death. He was taking some boiling turpentine and asphaltum off the fire, when some was upset about the grate and on his clothes. He was immediately enveloped in flames, which a woman, who was on the spot, vainly endeavoured to extinguish by throwing her worsted shawl over the sufferer. Pawlett, finding himself still wrapped round by the fire, crawled on his hands and knees down the passage of considerable length, and reached the Market-place, when the flames were extinguished. The shawl had also been fired; but the arrival of the engine soon set matters to rights in that quarter. The poor man, however, was mortally injured, and, after lingering some hours in indescribable agony, died, leaving a motherless child behind him.

A labouring man, named Kelly, employed at the Cross Iron Works, near Chesterfield, was conveying some materials into the furnace, from a calcined ironstone, when a huge burning mass of the material

blood metal fell upon him, and encircled him up to his waist. As the *débris* had clinked round him, crowbars and hammers were used in order to break the mass and to separate it from him. Half an hour, therefore, elapsed before the poor fellow could be extricated from his situation, by which time his clothes were almost burnt off his back. While he was being released, his cries were pitiable, and he frequently begged of the bystanders to carry him into the reservoir close at hand, and drown him. It was afterwards found necessary to amputate his right leg above the knee; and he is altogether frightfully injured, and still remains in a very precarious condition.

A child, four years old, has been burned to death at Histon, owing to a spark from the fire catching its clothes.

A collision occurred on Wednesday night at the Dutton station of the London and North Western line. A passenger train was stopping there, when an engine which was towing a "dead" engine ran into it, and shattered several carriages to pieces. Many of the passengers jumped out in time to save themselves; but others were not so fortunate, and eight were seriously injured, while several suffered slight bruises. The distance signal was not on at the time, as it should have been; but this is said to be owing to the deep snow having rendered it unworkable.

A fishing boat has been lost in a gale off the coast of Hampshire, and all the crew were drowned. The vessel was swamped by the waves, and all hands perished close in shore and in sight of their relatives.

A PLATONIC AFFECTION.

Great amusement has been caused in the Court of Queen's Bench by an action brought for the recovery of the sum of 500*l.*, being the arrears of an annuity alleged to be due upon a bond. The plaintiffs were the executors of a young lady named Caroline Priscilla Dignam, deceased, and the defendants were the executors of Francis Mills, deceased. The bond was executed by Mr. Mills, a rich and elderly gentleman of sixty-one, on the 1st of January, 1853, in favour of Miss Dignam, his protégée, and by it he secured to the young lady an annuity of 400*l.* during her lifetime. The annuity was payable quarterly, on the 8th day of January, April, July, and October in each year. The defendants pleaded payment, and the proof of the issue being on them, their witnesses were first examined. Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., who appeared for the plaintiff, then stated that "Mr. Mills was a very rich old gentleman, who had died, leaving personal property sworn to be under 140,000*l.* Mr. Dignam, the young lady's father, was formerly his attorney. Mr. Mills had formed an attachment to the daughter when she was only fourteen years of age. Mr. Mills was sixty-one years of age, and the learned counsel believed it was admitted on both sides that the attachment was quite of a Platonic character. (Laughter.) However, he had fallen in love with her, and it was said that love, like the small-pox, was most severe when taken late in life. (Laughter.) He had paid for her education, and, when he took the house for her at Stockwell-place, there could be no doubt that, independently of this annuity, he had treated her with every possible kindness, and had been very lavish of his money towards her." To show the passionate fondness of the old gentleman, Mr. James read the two following letters written by him to Miss Dignam:—"Half-past 4.—My dearest Cary,—Thank God your letter has just come. I have watched my door all day, and ran to each knock of the postman. I can never be well nor happy unless I know that you are so. Yes, your plan is excellent; get some one to live with you. . . . Receive me as your guardian. Get two respectable female servants. Do not mind the expense. I can supply all your wants, and more than all; and I do know this, that unless my mind is at ease about you, I shall sink into old age and infirmity directly. I breathe free now. I will come out and see you on Monday, and will be at Kennington-gate at three o'clock. My doctor has given me terrible remedies, and to-night he does so again. Thanks, dearest child, for your note. Had you not written I should have suffered tortures. Now I do not care about being ill. I hasten to put this in the post before five, that you may get it to-night.—Your affectionate Father.—Follow my advice strictly. Never mind the cost. Your home may be mine when I come to town. But be respected by all, and to be so you must be virtuous." (On closer inspection, the word appeared to be "visited.") "Go into the country for a short time. I shall do so."—"London.—My dearest child,—a happy, merry Christmas to you; and recollect I shall expect a Christmas-box also—but it must be of your own work. I do not trouble you with long letters. Pray, pray do not stint yourself for anything. If you will not use what you have got you deprive me of my great pleasure in giving to you. I do love my dear child more than ever.—Your affectionate Father."

Lord Campbell was of opinion that Mr. James had not proved his case. Miss Dignam was shown to have received money from time to time, amounting probably, to much more than the annuity; and this barred all further claim. A verdict was therefore given for the defendants.

STATE OF TRADE.

THE trade reports from the manufacturing towns for the week ending last Saturday contain nothing of importance. At Manchester, notwithstanding the receipt of further favourable advices from India, the markets have been very inactive consequent upon the contraction caused by the rates of discount. The Birmingham accounts describe a tendency to firmness in the iron trade, which would be more apparent but for the underselling induced by the pressure for money. At Nottingham there has been a moderate business in lace; and in hosiery, owing to the stocks being unprecedentedly light, a very active spring demand is relied upon. In the woollen districts, the operations have been to a full extent at firm prices, and the Irish linen-markets are unaltered.—*Times*.

In the general business of the port of London during the same week there has been diminished activity. The number of vessels reported inward was 176, being 104 less than the previous week. These included 34 with cargoes of corn, flour, and rice; 7 with fruit of all sorts; 13 with sugar; and 6 with tea, the latter comprising the very large number of 88,732 packages; 40,950 of which were brought by the American ship *Spitfire*. The number of vessels cleared outward was 110, showing an increase of 7, the number in ballast being 6.—*Idem*.

The Excise statements for the first nine months of the present year have been published. There has been a considerable increase in paper and spirits. The decline observable in malt is attributable to that article having, in August, 1855, been made free for distillery purposes.

A large meeting of the depositors and shareholders of the Royal British Bank was held on Tuesday night in Freemasons'-hall, for the purpose of considering the course pursued by the official manager in appealing against the decision of the Vice-Chancellor, and thereby preventing the declaration of a dividend. Mr. James Wyld was called to the chair, and speeches were delivered and motions carried, denunciatory of the litigious opposition to the depositors, and to a speedy and comparatively cheap settlement of the affairs of the bank, exhibited by Mr. Harding, who was accused of prolonging legal proceedings with a view to putting costs in his own pocket.

The order for preparing the balance-sheet of the Royal British Bank was agreed upon in the Court of Bankruptcy on Tuesday. On the same day, Mr. Lawrence applied for leave to give notice of motion for Friday, to compel the assignees to apply to the Court of Chancery to appoint a receiver under 28th sect. 7 and 8 Vict., cap. iii., for the purpose of protecting shareholders against individual creditors. The Commissioner declined to accede to the application.

THE ORIENT.

INDIA.

THE account of the revenue of Pegu up to May, 1856, has reached England from Calcutta. It shows a revenue of thirty lakhs of rupees, while the expenditure is less than twenty. The exports from Pegu last year amounted altogether to 660,000*l.* sterling, and the imports to 1,260,000*l.*

Several rumours have been current with respect to a contemplated insurrection in Oude; but they appear to have no better foundation than one of those panics which sometimes seize upon the public.

"The Government of Bengal," says the *Times* Calcutta correspondent, "has just published a report on a new iron field examined by Mr. Smith, a viewer sent out by the Court of Directors. It is at Barrool, a place about ten miles beyond Ranegunge, the last station on the existing railway. It is close to the coal mines, and the means of carriage both by rail and water are close at hand. The quantity of ore Mr. Smith estimates at about 6,400,000 tons to the square mile, but the limits of the field remain to be ascertained." We read in the same letter:—"Dr. Balfour, an able surgeon at Madras has just published a curious volume of reports on cholera. He started some years ago a theory that there were many places absolutely exempt from the scourge. Investigation has confirmed his opinion. In Madras alone there are thousands of villages which have never felt the visitation, though surrounded by infected districts. Minute lists are supplied, and each place is to be separately examined. At present, the only facts known are that places in very exposed situations, or very well drained, are comparatively favoured."

The fall of Herat before the Persians is very generally contradicted in India. It appears probable, however, that an engagement between the besiegers and the besieged took place on the 29th of August; that the Persians for a time succeeded in establishing themselves in some of the outworks, but that they were ultimately driven forth by Esa Khan at the head of the besieged, who slaughtered great numbers of the enemy, and chased them back upon their main body. On the other hand, the *Lahore Chronicle* still declares its belief that Herat has yielded.

Of the Persian expedition, it may be stated that it has probably by this time arrived off Bushire. The *Bombay Times* reports that "the expedition consists of twenty-six sailing transports, or an aggregate of 24,000 tons; of three of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's

steam-ships, the *Chusan*, *Singapore*, and *Pottinger*; besides three lesser vessels of the Bombay Steam Navigation Company, of an aggregate burden in all of thirty thousand tons, at a freightage charge of above a thousand pounds a day. The men of war are nine first-class steamers—the *Punjab*, *Assaye*, *Feroze*, *Ajda*, *Semiramis*, *Victoria*, and *Hugh Lindsay*; the steam tenders *Napier* and steam yacht *Goolanar*; the sloops *Elphinstone* and *Clive*, and the brigs *Euphrates* and *Tigris*—or twelve vessels in all, the total fleet amounting to forty sail. A portion of these have been sent to Vingorla, to take on board her Majesty's 64th and 20th Native Infantry from Belgium; to *Porubunder*, to receive the 3rd Cavalry from Rajkote, and to *Kurrachee* to ship the Belooch battalion, the 2nd Europeans, and *Brett's Battery*. The fighting men in all amount to about six thousand, with about double this number of camp followers. Admiral Sir Henry Leeke, Commander-in-Chief of the Indian navy, has been authorized to take the command."

CHINA.

There is scarcely any political news from China. Admiral Seymour has returned from Japan to Hongkong, and will shortly depart for India; and her Majesty's steamers *Sampson* and *Barraclough* have gone up to Whampoa (where the *Sibylle* is already stationed) in consequence of some outrages committed by the Chinese authorities on the crew of a vessel flying English colours. In Hongkong, a public meeting has been called, to take into consideration the state of the colony as affected by the misrule of the present Governor, whose late acts have been of a most startling nature. The American Consul at Foochow, failing to obtain the satisfaction he desired for the death of Mr. Cunningham, has declined to enforce the payment of duties by American vessels, and several have been despatched accordingly. The English Consul has, therefore, intimated that, until the Chinese insist on the payment of duties by American vessels, English ships must share the same exemption. A man has been brought to confess to the murder of Mr. Cunningham, and he will be executed.

Trade, on the whole, is in a prosperous condition.

SIAM.

An attempt has been made to kill the King of Siam. The story is singular, and very Oriental in its features. The king was invited to a banquet by one of his richest subjects, and he consented to go, though such condescensions are very unusual in that country. But his Majesty's brother suspected something wrong, and suggested an expedient like some of those resorted to in fairy tales. He proposed that a courtier should go disguised as the king, the monarch not choosing to exhibit any feeling of distrust after having accepted the invitation. This was done. The courtier (who was very like the king) made his appearance at the appointed place, was conducted to a throne, and sat down. Instantly, there was a tremendous explosion, and the ill-fated courtier was blown into fragments, together with seven other persons who stood by. And thus was the king's life saved. His existence is said to be valuable, as he is "very enlightened for an Asiatic, and can write a letter in English," to quote from the *Madras Athenaeum*, from which paper the details of this story are derived.

"Russia," says the Chinese correspondent of the *Times*, "has concluded, at Peking, a treaty with China. Three thousand acres of land and a safe harbour upon the west coast of Chusan are ceded in perpetuity by the 'Son of Heaven' to the Czar. A Russian Consul General, with ample diplomatic powers, has been nominated and accepted, and will reside at the fort, which is to be immediately commenced on that site. He is authorized to appoint, without needing confirmation, three other consuls and diplomatic agents for other provinces of the Chinese Empire."

IRELAND.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION.—The ceremony of distributing the prizes awarded to the successful students at the examinations held in June at the Queen's College in Cork, took place on Thursday week in the spacious examination-hall of that institution, and in the presence of a numerous assemblage. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the President (Sir Robert Kane) read, amid loud applause, a long address, in which he indicated, and enlarged on, the progress which the college has made during the seven years in which it has been in existence.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—An Irish priest, writing in the *Tablet*, mentions some circumstances which, in his opinion, account for the admitted failure of the Catholic University. He states:—"While Dr. Cullen acted merely as one of the body, and before his translation to Dublin, Ireland contributed 23,000*l.*, Meath and Dublin contributing nearly 4000*l.* each. After his translation and his evident change of policy, the falling off in the collection was most remarkable, the metropolitan parish of Dublin contributing scarcely 30*l.* Up to the time indicated, several bishops used to attend the committee in Dublin. At one of those meetings, a venerable bishop offered some suggestions in reference to the university, when the Archbishop of Dublin is reported to have said that disobedience or a refusal to adopt his views was disobedience to Rome! That, in this matter of the

university, he stood in the Pope's shoes. From that date, the bishops fell away from the university."

LYNCH'S LAW.—The Reverend Mr. Wallace, of Kingstown, having been taken into custody some months since on a charge of creating a disturbance by open-air preaching, recently brought an action for damages against Mr. F. Lynch, by whom the charge had been made against him; but the matter has been settled by an ample apology on the part of Mr. Lynch, who also offered a sum of money to be bestowed upon any charity which Mr. Wallace might propose.

THE DUBLIN CRIMEAN BANQUET.—The accounts of the Crimean banquet are now closed, and it appears that there is a surplus over all charges amounting to little short of 1200*l*.

THE MURDER OF MR. LITTLE.—It has been denied (we believe on the part of the officer himself) that Mr. Inspector Field, of London, has been invited to assist the Dublin police in the discovery of the murderer of Mr. Little. Detectives Whicher and Smith, of London, are, however, on the spot.—A telegraphic despatch, dated Dublin, Wednesday evening, states that "an operative lately employed on the Midland Railway has been arrested on board the packet for Liverpool. He confessed to the murder of Mr. Little, but he is supposed not to be the principal."

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—It is believed in Dublin that it is intended to remove Lord Carlisle from the Lord Lieutenantship, and to give him some post in Downing-street.

AMERICA.

There is almost an utter dearth of news from the United States this week, the excitement consequent on the Presidential election having been succeeded by a lull on the upshot of the struggle being known. Walker, it is said, is preparing for fresh hostilities; the Costa Ricans are also collecting their forces, and the Chilean Government is said to have offered their assistance. Half of the Town of Three Rivers, Canada, has been destroyed by fire. A steamer has been wrecked in Lake Superior, and thirty-five persons drowned. A much more fearful wreck, however, is that of the French vessel *Lyonnais* on its voyage from New York to Havre. Of this calamity we have given a full account in another column. M. Cabot, the founder of the Icarian community at Nauvoo, Illinois, died on the 9th ult., aged sixty-nine.

In the New York money-market there was some slight relief in the facilities for obtaining discounts inside the bank. Rates were extravagantly high. Confidence was being restored, and capitalists were more inclined to invest. The Bank statement was favourable.

The advices from the city of Mexico are up to the 1st of November, and from Vera Cruz up to the 6th. General Orihuela, with a considerable part of the garrison of Puebla, had on the 26th of October pronounced in that place against the dictatorial power of Senor Comonfort, proclaiming at the same time the Constitution of 1844, called "Las Bases Organicas" (the organic laws), and the annulling of the laws which have deprived the clergy and the army of their privileges and ordered the property of the Church to be sold at auction.

The Chilean Government has determined to repeal the duties on the exportation of copper, should the fall in prices in England prove permanent, and affect that important branch of commerce. This duty produces at present about half a million of dollars.

Mr. Buchanan has declared in favour of a railroad to the Pacific.

That jobbery is not confined to the Barnacles and Stiltsalkings of this country, but flourishes on the other side of the Atlantic too, is proved by some disclosures which have recently been made in connexion with the municipality of New York. A committee has been overhauling the Repairs and Supplies Department, and the local *Herald* furnishes the taxpayers with some of the results—as thus:—"The plan on which mechanics are selected is on a par with their instructions. The city glazier is a butcher, the city carpenter an hotel-keeper, the tinner and plumber never learnt their trades till they were engaged by the city, the person who cleans out the city wells is a doctor's apprentice. Of course, these amateurs value their services higher than regular mechanics would do."

Mr. Greeley has been indicted in Virginia for a "newspaper published, written, and printed in the city of New York, and styled and entitled the *New York Tribune*, with intent in him, the said Greeley, then and there to advise and incite negroes in the State of Virginia, against rebel and make insurrection, and to inculcate resistance to the rights of property of masters in their slaves."

The convention between England and the Republic of Honduras relative to the Mosquito territory (signed at London, August 27th, 1856), has been published. The most important articles are the first two:—

Article 1. The Republic of Honduras engages not to disturb the subjects of her Britannic Majesty in the enjoyment of any property of which they may be in possession in the islands of Ruatan, Bonaca, Elena, Utila, Barbarete, and Morat, situated in the Bay of

Honduras. Article 2. Her Britannic Majesty agrees to recognize the mid-channel of the river Wanx or Segovia, which falls into the Caribbean Sea at Cape Gracias à Dios, as the boundary between the Republic of Honduras and the territory of the Mosquito Indians, without prejudice, however, to any question of boundary between the Republics of Honduras and Nicaragua." The Mosquito Indians are to be 'recommended' to renounce any right they may have to the territories lying between the river Wanx, or Segovia, and the Roman river, on condition of receiving from the Republic of Honduras (in whose favour the renunciation is to be made) a 'reasonable sum' as compensation. The claims of British subjects to land within the same territories are to be respected; and any other British claims on the Government of Honduras are to be settled by commissioners.

An American barque is said to have landed a cargo of six hundred African slaves at La Punta de Teja, some little distance above Cardenas.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

A DECREE has appeared in the *Moniteur*, removing to other departments, or dismissing altogether, a certain number of Prefects who have misconducted themselves, and behaved with tyrannical cruelty to those who were placed beneath their rule. Sixteen officials have been thus dealt with; and of these eight are dismissed, and the others are simply transferred. Of the first eight, two are said to have 'demanded' their retirement; and the remaining six are discharged unceremoniously. The cause alleged for the removal of M. Brun, Prefect of Tours, is want of zeal during the inundation of the Indre et Loire. On that occasion, the Emperor, coming upon him suddenly, found that he was extremely indifferent as regarded the calamity, and that the *Procureur Impérial* was very zealous; so he ordered that the latter should be put in the place of the former. The Prefects of Toulouse, Marseilles, and Strasbourg, who were threatened with dismissal, are allowed to remain. The newly-appointed Prefects have not given much satisfaction. They are mostly Bonapartists.

It appears that the French and English Governments have at length agreed upon holding another Congress in Paris. Baron Brunow will probably attend.

The Emperor has passed a day at Fontainebleau, but quite secretly, and the newspapers have been 'invited' to say nothing about the hunting.

M. Nazon, the Protestant minister at Saint Affrique (Aveyron), has just died at the age of one hundred. He has been in the exercise of his ecclesiastical duties for seventy-five years. He was president of the Consistory, and directed its labours with perfect clearness and precision to the last, retaining all his faculties unimpaired. He was followed to the grave by all the inhabitants of the commune.—*Daily News*.

Mr. Diersall has arrived at Paris, and it is expected that he will have an interview with the Emperor. People couple this fact with the circumstance of Count de Persigny having recently visited Lord Derby; and they draw from the two some obscure anticipations.

It is rumoured that the friends of M. Thiers intend putting him forward as a candidate at the next election for the Seine Inférieure; M.M. Duchâtel (brother of the Minister of Louis Philippe) and Dufaure (Minister of the Interior under the Republic) are spoken of for the Charente Inférieure; and, by an alleged combination of a section of the Red and Legitimist parties, M. Olivier (Red Republican) and M. Berryer for the Bouches-du-Rhône.

A report on the present state of railway enterprise has been addressed to the Emperor by M. Rouher, Minister of Public Works. From this document it appears that the Government fixes at 8,560,000*l*. (English) the amount which the railway companies may raise by the issue of new scrip in 1857. "Independently of this sum," writes the Minister, "the companies may turn to account their disposable capital (*pourront utiliser leur actif disponible*), the subventions of the State, the funds they have to receive from their shares, and the obligations already issued. The ensemble of these resources, less by about 100,000,000*l*. than the sums expended in 1856, will not the less allow the workshops to be in active employment, the sections to be opened at the time appointed by the *cahiers des charges*, and even the dates on certain important sections to be anticipated." The companies spent 480 millions of francs in 1855, and 458 millions in 1856. The total cost of the lines yet to be constructed or finished amounts to 1260 millions, 230 millions of which are to be contributed by the State. This expenditure has been distributed over a space of ten years. The whole French railway-net consists of about 7200 miles, of which about 3200 miles will be completed at the end of this year. The capital hitherto expended on the construction of these railways amounts to 3080 millions of francs, or 123 millions sterling; 661 millions of francs of which have been contributed by the State, while 2419 millions have been raised by the companies. The Minister of Public Works expresses his regret that the spirit of speculation should have been on the look-out for enterprises in foreign countries; but it will suffice,

he says, for the interests of public credit, "that the Government continues to keep watch over these enterprises."

AUSTRIA.

The Emperor and Empress made their solemn entry into Venice on the 25th ult. The official account says that the reception given them by the people was most enthusiastic. Of course. But the English public happens to know, from particulars already published, that 'the people' were represented by paid police agents and state funkies. As to the real people veritably applauding their alien oppressors, it is obviously too absurd a demand upon our faith.

Prince Daniel of Montenegro will go with the Princess, his wife, to wait on the Emperor and Empress at Venice. Mr. Layard, M.P., passed through Vienna on Sunday week on his way to Constantinople. M. Soutzo, the Wallachian Minister of Finance, has left Vienna for Paris. Field-Marshal Radetzky is at Venice.

Baron Hammer-Purgstall, one of the most celebrated Orientalists of the day, died in the evening of the 24th ult. He was occupied in writing until a very short time before his death, when he suddenly covered his face with his hands, and, resting them on his desk, fell asleep, and quietly expired.

Russia and France have demanded of Austria that a time shall be fixed for the evacuation of the Ottoman territory; and have proposed the 1st of February. Austria declines to agree to this.

Le Nord has been entirely prohibited in Austria.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Chambers were opened on Saturday morning by the King in person. The following passage occurs in the Royal speech, relative to the Neuchâtel question:—"The moderation with which, in the interests of general peace, I have for years treated the existing state of things in the Principality of Neuchâtel has been duly appreciated by the Powers of Europe. It is my wish, even after the late deplorable conflict, and now that my indisputable right has been corroborated by the unanimous resolution of the German Diet, to effect a settlement in keeping with the dignity of my crown by means of negotiation with the European Powers. At the same time, I must not allow my long-enduring patience to be converted into a weapon against my right. My people may rest convinced that I shall make the serious and thorough consideration of my own duties and of the state of things in Europe the guide and criterion of my further steps in this matter; and I entertain the confident trust that, whenever circumstances may call for it, my people will step forward to vindicate the honour of my Crown with the same energy, loyalty and devotion they have ever shown."

With respect to the outrage on an English gentleman in Berlin, which we mentioned last week, Mr. Comptin, of Brighton, writes to the English papers to say that he has "received" a letter from Mr. Morris Mann, dated Berlin, November 26, containing further particulars connected with his arrest, and important as pointing directly to the secret agent by whom the intended blow was struck. Mr. Morris Moore says:—"I last last night on good authority that the order (for his arrest) 'emanated from the "Cabinet du Roi," and that I was to be seized "côte que côte." Everyone says that there must be some extraordinary influence in the background. At ten o'clock on Saturday morning, — was at the British Embassy. Lord Blomfield volunteered to him the name of Waagen as the mover, and remarked that he was surprised that Waagen should have recourse to such weapons." — said nothing to suggest this, "car je n'aurais pas osé profiter de tels soupçons, quoique je les eusse;"—"for I should not have dared to utter such suspicions, although I already had them." Mr. Moore's reason for supposing the name of his informant to be obvious, in Berlin, where a secret tribunal wields an irresponsible power, and when for wrong done there is no remedy." Dr. Waagen published a long letter of denial and recrimination.

Prussia is about to invite the great Powers to fix a the measures to be adopted to re-establish her sovereignty over Neuchâtel, reserving to herself ultimate proceedings. She wishes for a congress. The Austrian garrison at Galatz has been reinforced.

ITALY.

A conflict has broken out at Cefalù, in the Neapolitan territory, between the populace and the gendarmes. Several persons were seriously wounded, but the ultimate result is not yet known with certainty. Bonivenga, a person who was formerly pardoned by the king for some political offence to the existing power, is at the head of the movement. Troops have been patched to Palermo, which is in a state of rebellion, and it is also stated that a rising has taken place at Girgenti, the ancient Agriguntum, on the southern coast of Sicily.

Field-Marshal Radetzky, in his capacity of Governor-General of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, has granted a full pardon to Count Piccini, a public refugee.

The Senate and Chamber of Deputies of Piedmont are convoked by a royal decree, for the 7th inst. next.

Count Cigala, aide-de-camp to the King of Sardinia, has gone to Venice to congratulate the Emperor of Austria. The Count will afterwards proceed by way of Trieste to Egypt with presents for the Viceroy.

There is a rumour in Sardinia of some ministerial changes. Should they take place, however, they will leave Count Cavour at the head of affairs.

The revolutionary party in Naples has circulated an address to the soldiers, appealing to their honour and patriotism, and denouncing the tyranny of the existing Government, "which has called down the reproof of even the Conservative Governments of Europe."

SPAIN.

General Prim has been ordered to go to Bilbao, the Government regarding him as "a dangerous character." The first project of the Ministry was to exile him to the Canary Islands; but he appealed to the Queen, and remonstrated with such spirit that a compromise was effected.

The proposal of M. Mirès, relative to a loan of 300,000,000 of reals effective (75,000,000 francs), has been accepted by the Spanish Government, and the treaty signed by the parties has been published in the official Gazette of Madrid; but, in conformity with the Spanish law, the outbidding remains open for twenty days.

DENMARK.

The writer of a letter from Berlin, in the *Hemoverian Gazette*, states that the last remaining difficulty in the way of the definitive solution of the Sound Dues problem has just been removed by England's agreeing to the payment of 40,000*l.* to Denmark. "When it is considered," the letter adds, "that the share of Sound Dues which falls on British commerce amounts to 70,000*l.*, England appears to have made an excellent bargain." A general protocol is to be made, which will be signed collectively by all the other states interested in the abolition of the Sound Dues.

The King has granted a complete amnesty. Nineteen Danish officers, who, in 1848, took service in Schleswig-Holstein, have been recalled to the interior.

SWEDEN.

The Swedish Government has withdrawn the bill relative to the fortifications of Stockholm. The Diet has been informed that subsidies for that object will not be demanded of it in the present session.

GREECE.

The King has returned to Athens.

TURKEY.

A strange story is told by the *Paris Pays*, which writes:—"Our Constantinople correspondent mentions an important incident. If his information be correct (and we have no reason to doubt its correctness), France has addressed a most energetic despatch to the Porte, urging the Ottoman Government to bring to an end the territorial and maritime occupations which constitute an infraction of the Treaty of Paris, and threatening, in case of refusal, that France will resume a military position at the entrance of the Black Sea (*sous peine de voir la France reprendre à son tour une position militaire à l'entrée de la Mer Noire*). However, since this despatch was received, many things, as we think, have passed which may have modified the situation. The best way to bring all these difficulties to a conclusion would evidently be a second convocation in Congress of the plenipotentiaries who signed the Treaty of Paris. The question of the resumption of the Congress continues to be vehemently discussed by the European press and is generally considered as the most natural and the most honorable solution for all parties interested."

Syria and Mesopotamia are in a disturbed state. All the populations are said to be on a war footing, and family is fighting against family. At Zahlé, two families and their retainers, each from one hundred to one hundred and fifty strong, have been making war on each other for nearly a month, and in their last combat eight persons were killed: the combatants were of the Greek religion. In a village of the Druses, a combat had taken place in which eighteen persons were killed, and a still greater number wounded.

The text of the project of the firman for the Convocation of the Divans of Wallachia and Moldavia, as drawn out by the late Ministry, has been published. After stating the means by which the Bishops, the Boyards, the artisans, and the peasants, will be represented, the document proceeds to say that the members of the several classes will discuss the affairs of the provinces in separate committees, and will send in a résumé of their discussions to the general assembly of the Divans. "Each committee will name by a majority of votes a president for their own body. The president of the whole Divan will be named from among the members by the Kaimakans. The secretaries will likewise be chosen by the Kaimakans. The provisional state of the administration of these provinces having to come in a short time, the Divans will have to finish their discussions within the space of six months. If, contrary to all expectation, the Divans should enter into discussions on matters contrary to the superior rights of the Ottoman Porte, or to the ancient privileges of the two provinces, the delegate of the Sublime Porte is charged to notify this fact to the Commission, and to give the necessary notice likewise to the Administration

of the province; if such a thing should happen, one ought to forbid to the Divans every act of this kind which would be contrary to these principles." The result of the deliberations of the Divan "will be submitted to a commission composed of a delegate named by the Porte, and of the delegates sent by the high contracting Powers," and, after the report of those commissioners, will be discussed by the Sultan and his allies.

The *Presse d'Orient* announces that considerable bodies of Russian troops, in garrison in Bessarabia, have been marching towards the Black Sea. The same journal confirms the statement that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe has accepted the explanations given by the Russian ambassador at Constantinople on the subject of the incident at Yeni-Kaleh. The Italians at Constantinople have taken part in the subscription opened in that capital for the purchase of 10,000 muskets for the first province of Italy that shall rise in insurrection against Austria.

The *Ost Deutsche Post*, after laying down the principle that the Porte, which, in its full independence, concluded the convention with Austria, is the power which has to determine whether the presence of the troops of its allies appears to it to be still desirable or not, proceeds to state that the Turkish Government has intimated to the French Cabinet, that, if it wishes to obtain the evacuation of the Black Sea and the Principalities by the Austrians and the English, it should enter into direct negotiation with those two Powers. In its note to France the Turkish Minister says:—"The Sultan's Government has no motive for requiring from the two Powers, which insist on the complete execution of the treaty of March 30, the evacuation of the territory they occupy, with the view of ensuring this execution. It acknowledges that it stands on the same line as France and England relative to the interpretation of the stipulations of peace. But, in asking that the three allied Powers should come to a direct understanding with each other, it thinks that it gives a proof of its confidence in the loyalty and friendship of its allies."

A note, according to the *Triester Zeitung*, was not long since presented to the Porte by MM. Boutenief and Thouvenal, the Russian and French Ministers, demanding positive answers to certain questions with relation to Turkey renouncing her pretensions to Belgrad, in consideration for the possession of the Lake of Serpents and of the Delta of the Danube; the continued occupation of the Danubian Principalities and of the Black Sea by Austria and England; and the possibility of the Divans *ad hoc* declaring themselves in favour of a union of Wallachia and Moldavia. To the first of these questions the Porte gave a polite negative.

SWITZERLAND.

"If the *Zeit* of Berlin," observes the *Daily News*, "is still entitled to the repute it has for several years enjoyed in Europe, that of an organ inspired by Baron von Manteuffel, the Prussian dispute with Switzerland is already divested of much of its importance, and the King's speech becomes susceptible of a pacific interpretation. The *Zeit* states that the King only wants an acknowledgment of his rights on the part of Switzerland, upon which he would be disposed at once and spontaneously to renounce his claims on Neuchâtel. The King would see such an acknowledgment in the liberation of the prisoners, and would be content. According to the *Zeit* this is a question of theoretical right; a Swiss would probably describe it as a question of principle. However, if it were certain and indubitable that Prussia is prepared, as the *Zeit* affirms, to draw no interested conclusions, and strengthen no one-sided claims from the concession she seeks, it might be hoped that a settlement of this irritating question of Neuchâtel was not remote."

According to the Berlin correspondent of *Le Nord*, the Prussian envoy at Berne has received orders to leave Switzerland. All diplomatic intercourse is thus broken off. The same writer says that the Emperor Napoleon is inclined to support Prussia, but that the English Minister at Berne gives his countenance to the Swiss.

GERMANY.

M. von der Pforden (says a letter from Munich) slipped on the snow on the 27th ult., and broke his arm near the shoulder.

BELGIUM.

The Belgian Chamber of Representatives has brought to a close its discussion on the Address in answer to the Speech from the Throne. The amendment proposed by the Opposition on the paragraph relating to public instruction was rejected by 61 votes to 41. The Address was then voted by 88 votes to 37.

GRAND DUCHY OF LUXEMBURG.

The Grand Duke of Luxembourg (King of the Netherlands) has proclaimed, of his sole authority, the constitution which the Representative Chamber had just before rejected. The new constitution limits popular rights, and has been promulgated in deference to a motion from the Diet of the Germanic Bund, of which Luxembourg is a member.

AUSTRIA.

The Emperor has issued an amnesty to his Venetian subjects. Seventy political offenders have received a free pardon. The sequestration on the property of political fugitives is entirely removed.

PORTUGAL.

A royal decree, countersigned by the Minister of Finance, M. Loureiro, has been published, authorizing the negotiation of a loan which has been made through the Bank of Portugal upon the deposit of the new bonds voted for railways and public works by the late Cortes. The loan is about 300,000*l.* English. 833,300*l.* of Three per Cent. bonds are to be created through the London financial agency, and are to be placed at the disposal of the Bank of Portugal, as security for the loan.

SHIPWRECKS.

We have several melancholy cases of shipwreck to record this week. The particulars of one of these are brought by the United States mail steamer *Fulton*, by which we learn that the Franco-American Company's steam-ship *Lyonnais*, belonging to the Gauthier Company, has been totally lost, together with the greater number of those aboard. She left New York for Havre on the 1st of November, was run into on Tuesday, the 4th (about sixty miles from Nantucket light-ship, which here N.N.W.) by the bark *Adriatic*, from Belfast (Maine), for Savannah, and abandoned in a sinking state. Only five passengers out of forty were rescued, and eleven of the crew; the remainder, consisting of one hundred and thirty souls, are supposed to have perished. The collision occurred in the night (which was very dark), just after the passengers and many of the crew had retired, leaving the watch on deck. At that moment, a three-masted vessel was observed bearing down upon the *Lyonnais*. Those on board the latter did all in their power to avoid a collision, by ringing their bells, and blowing the steam-whistle, which can be heard at a distance of ten miles; but, before they could head off, the advancing vessel struck the *Lyonnais* amidships, tearing out an entire block of the plate iron, causing a gap about two feet square, which extended in length from the companion-way as far as the shrouds, and seriously damaging the two starboard boats, one of them an English life-boat. The bowsprit of the *Adriatic* (the name of which has only been since ascertained) was broken off by the shock, together with part of her figure-head. She immediately cleared off, without rendering any assistance or making any inquiries; and the *Lyonnais* continued her course. Efforts were immediately made to stop up the hole by ramming in mattresses, quilts, pillows, &c.; but the water gained upon them very rapidly, and extinguished the fires. "As soon as the engines stopped," says M. Laguière, the second mate, in his statement before the French Consul at New York, "M. Gignoux, the chief engineer, came up from below and declared that the water was pouring in at the coal-bunkers and the ship was sinking. The pumps were immediately set going, but floating cinders choked up the valves, and they became useless. We then had recourse to buckets and formed a chain, while part of the crew and some of the passengers went below to shift the cargo from starboard to port; but, as the water continued to rise, the captain ordered the cargo to be thrown overboard. During this time, some of the passengers—among them two old sea captains—a few of the officers, and a number of sailors were busy covering the side of the ship with a large studding sail." But in vain. The water continued to gain on them, and they began to suspect that, besides the apparent gap, which was at the water-line, there was another, unseen, below the water-line. It was therefore determined on the following day (Wednesday, the 5th of November) to abandon the sinking vessel. The remaining particulars we give in the words of the New York papers:—

"The ship was provided with six boats, one of which was a life-boat. That boat only has been heard from. On the morning of Wednesday, after it was resolved to abandon the wreck, a raft was constructed, and about forty persons, including passengers (probably the steerage passengers), took refuge upon it. It is the opinion of the second officer that this raft could not have lived through the rough weather that succeeded this day—that it must have been broken to pieces, and that all the persons on board were lost. There is room for hope, however, that some friendly sail might have rescued them. In another boat was the commander with some of the passengers. This boat was well provided with provisions, compasses, &c. It was the intention of the captain to pull for Montauk Point. This boat has not yet been heard from. Another boat contained the second mate, Laguière, the second engineer, Desfosses, and several of the crew and passengers. This is the only boat heard from so far. We have no account of the other five boats and the raft, save that which is given above. The following details in relation to the saved are gathered from the second mate:—The boat left the ship on the morning of Wednesday, the 5th. There was a heavy gale blowing, and the captain resolved to abandon the ship. She was then, and when M. Laguière last saw her, with her stern sunk below water's edge, and her bow high out of water. Subsequently he lost sight of the other boats. The second mate's boat contained eighteen persons. The weather was very rough, and the voyagers suffered terribly. They encountered several severe snow-storms, and were short of water. They had claret wine, bread, and preserved meats. They were beaten about six days, until the afternoon of the 9th (Sunday),

and two of their number (passengers) died during this terrible interval. On Sunday, their eyes were gladdened by the sight of a friendly sail, which proved to be the Bremen barque *Elise*, Captain Nordenbolott, on board of which vessel they were immediately taken and made as comfortable as possible. Their limbs were frozen, and altogether they were in a terrible condition.

"On the next day, in lat. 40 deg. 51 min. N., long. 65 deg. 40 min., the *Elise* spoke the Hamburg barque *Elise*, Captain Neilson, bound for New York. The Bremen barque was short of water, and Captain Neilson immediately consented to give those saved from this boat a passage to New York. They all availed themselves of the offer except two of the passengers, Mr. Scheler and wife, who remained on board the Bremen barque, intending to go to Bremen. The Hamburg barque arrived last evening, having on board fourteen of the ship's company of the *Lyonnais*."

In the various statements published in the New York papers there is some confusion of dates; but the correct days of the several occurrences appear to be as above mentioned. Two separate narratives by M. Laguière, moreover, contain certain discrepancies with reference to the facts of the case—contradictions which are in no way remarkable when we consider the fearful whirl of events through which the officer had passed. Later intelligence will no doubt arrive to throw further light on the calamity.

The officers on board the *Adriatic* state that they saw the lights of the *Lyonnais* twenty minutes before the accident. The captain of the former vessel, who was on deck at the time, supposed that the *Lyonnais* stood on her course; and he says he was not aware of the injury done to her.

Another wreck is that of the *Hercules Monte*, a Prussian brig of 226 tons, commanded by Captain F. W. Rickells, which sailed from the Mersey on the 6th of last March, for Pillau and Königsberg. She was manned with a crew of ten men. Her non-arrival at Pillau led to the belief that she had foundered at sea, and her fate would never have been correctly known had not the *Sandford*, Captain Hughes, bound from London to New Zealand, fallen in with a portion of the wreck, and taken therefrom one of the crew, who was thus rescued, almost at the last moment, from a lingering death. From the statement of this man, Michael Krattiat, it would seem that the circumstances were very similar to those attending the loss of the *Lyonnais*. The wreck of the *Hercules Monte* was caused by a collision in the English Channel. The name of the vessel which ran foul of her was not ascertained, and, like the *Adriatic*, she offered no help, but went on her way. Krattiat says that he heard English spoken on board of her. The collision took place on the night of the 10th of March. After being rescued and recovered, Krattiat consented to work on board the *Sandford*; and he proceeded in her to New Zealand, whence these details have been transmitted.

The steamer *Superior* has been wrecked on Lake Superior, North America, and some fifty lives have been lost. A tempest was raging, and the vessel was driven by the sea upon the rocks. In the accounts transmitted from America, we read that, after the catastrophe occurred, Captain Jones went to the officers of the vessel, and said, "Boys, I want you to stick to the boat as long as there is anything left of her; this is the fourth boat I have lost, but I shall not probably lose another. If any of you get ashore, I want you to go and tell my mother that I did all I could to save the boat." He was one of those drowned. The next morning (continues the narrative) nothing was visible but the wheels, which, being strongly made and anchored fast by the engine and heavy machinery, had not been swept away. Upon these were seen clinging the bodies of seven men, among them the two clerks and the first saloon keeper. As they were but three or four rods from shore, their cries could be heard distinctly calling to those on shore to come with the boats and save them. But this was impossible, as the surf beating on the rocks would have swamped a good boat almost instantly, and those that were washed ashore were almost like the steamer, a wreck. One by one they dropped off into the water until all were gone. The scene is said to have been painful beyond description, as the survivors were within speaking distance, yet without the power to render assistance. The saved suffered extremely from cold and hunger, and all of them were more or less bruised. Three days they were weather-bound, and not only this, but rock-bound too, as the bluff at this point rises nearly three hundred feet, and almost perpendicular, presenting an impassable barrier. At this time, the sea subsided sufficiently for them to reach Grand Island. They patched up the boats and started, going part of the way on land and part on water. Two boys died on the way from exposure. The saved were obliged to subsist during this time upon such articles as chance threw on shore—raw vegetables, raisins, and flour.

Accounts have been received at Lloyd's of the loss of the ship *Regina* of London, which took place on the Hirthall Shoal, in the North Sea, on the 10th of November. The crew were driven about at sea during three days in a small boat, living on a little biscuit and seawater, and of the four landed at Ringkioing, one seaman was suffering from gangrene in the feet, and was

sent to the hospital. Of the other part of the crew, three seamen died in the boat, and their bodies were thrown overboard.

A Dublin steamer named the *Sylph*, on her passage from London to Falmouth and Dublin, ran into a Dutch galliot off the Foreland on Thursday week. The night was very dark, and it is reported that the galliot had no lights, but that the steamer had. The galliot was partly cut down, and in ten minutes after the occurrence she sank. The crew consisted of six men and a boy, and out of these only four men were saved. The steamer is said to have sustained but little damage.

Twelve seamen were landed at Dover on Sunday from the barque *Dantsic*, of Dantsic, part of the crew of the *Neva* steamer, of Hull, from Cronstadt and Guttenburg for Hull. On the 25th ult., in a gale of wind, the *Neva* sprang a leak, and struck with a heavy sea, putting the fires out. She went down about one hundred miles from the coast of Jutland. All the crew and passengers took to the boats, and were picked up about an hour after they left the steamer by the schooner *Belford*, of Dundee, bound for London, on the 26th. Part of the crew (twelve) were put on board the Prussian barque *Dantsic*. On the twelve men landing at Dover they were immediately taken to the Sailors' Home, where they were abundantly provided with everything, and sent free by the South-Eastern Railway to London. Preparations were made at the Dover Sailors' Home for the remainder of the crew and passengers at any hour of the night. All hands were saved.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

THE EUROPEAN AND AUSTRALIAN ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.—The European and Australian Royal Mail Steamship Company, who have contracted for carrying the mails from England to Australia *via* Alexandria, Suez, and Point de Galle, have made arrangements with the Cunard (Transatlantic Mail) Company, under which the latter undertake to convey the mails, passengers, and specie of this route, between England and Alexandria, and Malta and Marseilles. It is also stated that the European and Australian Royal Mail Company intend to combine with their Australian service at Point de Galle a communication with India and China.

THE MISSING STEAMER ROSLIN.—A telegraphic message has been received at Leith from Elsinore, which may be said to extinguish any remaining hope as to the safety of the *Roslin*. That steamer, which belonged to the Hull, Hamburg, and Leith Company, sailed from Stettin on the 8th of November, passed the Sound on the 10th, immediately before the furious gale which lately visited the northern seas, and was not afterwards seen. The *Gertrude*, which went out from Leith on the 21st, had orders to make every inquiry and search for her; and the master of that vessel now reports from the Sound that pieces of a vessel and a boat with the words "*Roslin*, Leith, Laurence Smith," painted inside, had been washed ashore at the Scaw.

THE RECENT LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP TAY.—The marine clerk of the Board of Trade has addressed the following communication to Captain William Strutt, who commanded the Royal Mail Steam-Parcel Company's steamship *Tay* on the occasion of her wreck near Cape Ross, in the Gulf of Mexico, on the 30th of last August:—"Office of Committee of Privy Council for Trade, Marine Department, Whitehall.—Sir, I am directed by the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council of Trade to inform you that they have received the report of Mr. Traill and Commander Robertson, R.N., on the investigation into the loss of the Royal Mail Steam-Parcel Company's steamship *Tay*, on the 30th of August last, in the Gulf of Mexico, of which ship you were at the time master, and, as the court have not attributed the loss of the ship to your wrongful act or default, I am to return to you your master's certificate of competency. In so doing, however, my Lords desire me to express their strong opinion of the slovenly and un-officer-like manner in which the ship was navigated by you.—I am, &c., T. H. FARRIER."

SAILING OF THE BRITISH DISCOVERY VESSEL RESOLUTE FOR ENGLAND.—The British discovery barque *Resolute* sailed on the 13th ult., at noon, from the Brooklyn navy yard, under the command of Captain H. J. Hartstein, one of the officers of the late Arctic expedition, for Portsmouth, England, where she will be delivered into the hands of her Majesty's Government as a present from the Government of the United States. Captain Hartstein, in command of the English barque *Resolute*, takes out a letter to Lord Clarendon from the State Department, enclosing the joint resolution of Congress for the purchase of that vessel from the American crew who found it, and the presentation of it to the British Government, and expressing the gratification of the Administration on behalf of the people of the United States in tendering this token of the friendly feelings by which our country is actuated. It will be remembered that the *Resolute* was despatched by the British Government in search of Sir John Franklin, and was frozen in among the icebergs; that her officers and crew had to abandon her, leaving all their effects on board; that she was found several months ago by the crew of a whaling vessel belonging to New London, Connecticut, having

drifted about 1200 miles from the spot where she was abandoned. Nor will it be forgotten that the sum of 40,000 dollars was appropriated by our own Government for the purpose of purchasing her from the fishermen whalers of New London—the English Government having waived all claim to her; nor that she has been repaired and fitted with the utmost care at the expense of our Government, with the design of restoring her to the Queen in at least as good a condition as she was in at the time the exigencies of their situation compelled her crew to abandon her. With such completeness and attention to detail has this work been performed, that not only has everything found on board been preserved, even to the books in the captain's library, the pictures in his cabin, and a musical-box and organ belonging to other officers, but new British flags have been manufactured in the navy-yard to take the place of those which had rotted during the long time she was without a living soul on board. From stem to stern she has been repainted; her sails and much of her rigging are entirely new, the muskets, swords, telescopes, nautical instruments, &c., which she contained, have been cleaned and put in perfect order. Nothing has been overlooked or neglected that was necessary to her most complete and thorough renovation.—*New York Times*.

ESCAPE OF DESEKTERS.—Four men belonging to the Fusilier Guards, who were under arrest, two for deserting, and the other two for being absent without leave, have escaped from St. George's Barracks. They scaled the outer wall of the building, and contrived to elude a policeman who saw them, and also to escape the guard. One has been retaken.

OUR CIVILIZATION.

THE GREAT NORTHERN FRAUDS.

REDPATH and Kent were again examined on Wednesday, when Mr. Giffard, who appeared for the prosecution, reminded the magistrate that at the last hearing six distinct cases of fraud were made out against Redpath; and it would now be the duty of the prosecution to show how Redpath obtained the means of carrying out those frauds. The mode of doing business at the Great Northern Railway was this:—When a transfer came in, it was placed on a transfer file, and afterwards it was compared with a table of transfer numbers, which would show whether the transferee was still a stockholder or not. If he were, there was no difficulty in referring to that number in the register, while if he were not, the number was added to the table which showed the amount of stock held by each proprietor, as well as the transfer number. From this table the dividend balance-sheets were made out every half-year, and it would be shown that Redpath had caused the table to be altered until Kent's direction to meet the case of his particular fraud. This part of the case related to the common law offence of misdemeanour, but there were four other statutable charges of forgery which would be brought against Redpath, though not on that day. It would be shown that he had forged transfers of stock, some in fictitious names, and others in the names of existing persons. After the reception of evidence, the case was adjourned until Friday.—On that day, the prisoners were again brought up, and, after several witnesses had been examined, were again remanded.

THE WINTER ASSIZES.

The Winter Assizes on the Western circuit opened at Winchester on Monday. The first person tried was Hester Smart, who was indicted for setting fire to a stack of corn; also for setting fire to another stack of corn, and for stealing some shoes. She pleaded Guilty, but it was stated that she was a person of weak intellect. Nevertheless, she was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

John Morris, a nail-maker, has been found Guilty of Stafford of a robbery from the person of William Biddle, accompanied by great violence. This was one of the numerous garrotte robberies. He was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude. Several other cases of garrotte robbery have been tried at the various Assize courts.

George Cribb has been found Guilty at Winchester of a murderous assault on Alfred Adams, a warder in the Portsmouth Dockyard prison, where the accused was a convict. He complained that Adams did not treat him with justice; and, after the act, he said he meant to kill him, but he thought of his (the warder's) wife and children, "and," he added, "though he had no mercy on me, I spared him." It appeared, however, that he was only prevented from continuing his attack on Adams by the other convicts seizing him; and he then swore he would kill him another time. Sentence of death was recorded.

Mary Ann Street was Acquitted of a charge of murdering her illegitimate child, on account of unsoundness of mind.—August Winkler has been Acquitted of a charge of murdering Peter Duhr. Both belonged to the British German Legion, and they had had a scuffle in the course of which Duhr was wounded in the thigh, but there was no evidence to show that Winkler inflicted the wound.

William Fleming has been found Guilty at Newmarket

on-Tyne of the manslaughter of Ann Fleming, a woman with whom he lived as his wife. They were often drunk and quarrelling, and one day the man carried his ill-usage to an extent which resulted in the woman's death. He was sentenced to four years' penal servitude.

John Burrows was tried at Oxford for the murder of William Fisher, but was found guilty of manslaughter only. This was a case of jealousy. Burrows had paid certain attentions to Fisher's wife. Fisher became enraged, and ill-used the woman. The other man then interfered, and, after much wrangling (the parties being intoxicated), Burrows seized a poker, and inflicted such injuries on Fisher that he died very shortly. The judge sentenced Burrows to four years' penal servitude.

Several other cases of less importance have been tried in the course of the week, and a good many prisoners have pleaded guilty.

Giuseppe Logava, Giovanni Barbalano, and Matteo Petrich, three Italians, were arraigned at Winchester on six different indictments—one for the wilful murder, on the high seas, on the 5th of last July, of Joseph Pattinson; another for feloniously stabbing and wounding, with intent to murder, John Scotland and Daniel Cullen; another for piratically stealing eleven sovereigns and a half-franc piece, with other things, the property of John Scotland and others, on board the British barque Globe. The particulars of this case have recently appeared in the *Leader*. They were all found guilty, and were sentenced to death, though loudly protesting their innocence.

Michael Cawthorn has been found guilty, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, of the manslaughter of Mark Cunningham, by stabbing him in the course of a drunken quarrel.

THE BULLION ROBBERY.—A further examination of Pierce and Burgess took place at the Mansion House on Thursday; but the evidence was not important, except in a confirmatory point of view. The prisoners were remanded till next Wednesday. From the evidence of Mr. Bee, a gentleman connected with the company, it appeared that the gold which, according to the evidence of Agar, was concealed in a hole in the pantry of Pierce's house, had been removed, though apparently but recently, the cavity being filled with ashes, &c., which seemed quite fresh.—Tester is not yet in custody.

AFRAY WITH POACHERS.—Four poachers have been committed for trial at the next Stafford Assizes for a murderous assault upon some gamekeepers on the estates of Mr. John Davenport and the Earl of Macclesfield. Three of the gamekeepers have been nearly killed.

THE MURDEROUS ASSAULT AT CROYDON.—Staines, alias Bright, the man who cut open the head of Mrs. Belton with a chopper, gave himself up to the police on Monday. He said that Mrs. Belton had been insulting him.

A STRANGE CASE.—Beresford Augustus Christmas, a young man highly connected, was brought before the Marlborough-street magistrate on Tuesday, charged with stealing a number of very valuable old books from the library of Brampton-hall, the seat of Lady Olivia Sparrow. His cousin, William Kortright, at a previous examination, was included in the charge, but, as a subsequent explanation proved that he had no participation in or knowledge of the offence, he was discharged, and the magistrate said he left the court without a stain on his character. Christmas pleaded guilty, and two letters from him to Lady Olivia were read, in the latter of which, with many expressions of penitence, he admitted the theft, prayed for forgiveness, complained of the dreadful misery to which he was reduced in being obliged to remain in a prison, and, acknowledging the innocence of his cousin, begged that he might be saved from the horrors and ignominy of gaol. The magistrate sentenced Christmas to six months' imprisonment.

A CASE OF MISERY.—With reference to a recent case of destitution brought before the attention of the Thames magistrate, a letter containing a contribution, and dated from the Samaritan Institution, Victoria-street, City, was handed in on Tuesday. It ran thus:—"For a poor woman named Louisa Davison, No. 1, Clare-hall-garden, near Stepney Church, who waited upon the sitting magistrate, and stated that her husband and her son, thirteen years of age, were both lying dead, and that she had no means of burying them, having parted with everything during their illness. A gentleman, a member of the committee of this institution, having seen this statement in the newspapers, and having visited many such scenes, at once took a cab and went to the scene of misery, and found the woman and a large family in a most deplorable condition, and that the statement of distress was scarcely half told before the magistrate. The wretchedness of the hovel, in which were contained the starving children and the dead bodies of the father and boy, was indeed a sad sight, and drew compassion and assistance from the cabman (No. 1885), who went up with the gentleman, he being almost afraid to enter the place alone. The sum of 10s. was at once handed to the poor woman to relieve her wants, and I now enclose the sum of 22 16s. 6d., the gentleman having mentioned the circumstance after dinner to some friends, who at once subscribed for her case."

THE OGRE WHO LIVES ON BLIND NEEDLEWOMEN.—It will be recollected that Mr. Ferguson, the chief clerk of the Mendicity Society, brought under the notice of the Lambeth magistrate, about a year ago, the tricks of

a Mr. Roper, who pretended to be connected with a society for relieving distressed needlewomen, and who obtained large sums of money from the benevolent, on the strength of 'melancholy cases' which had no existence except in his own imagination and the deluded faith of the donors. After an interval this same person has again appeared in his former character, and, notwithstanding the disclosures which have been publicly made with respect to him, has once more obtained large sums of money on fraudulent pretences. Mr. Ferguson has, therefore, brought the matter before the attention of Mr. Norton and of the public, that the latter may be placed on their guard.

APPREHENSION OF A SCOTCH MERCHANT ON CHARGES OF FORGERY.—Joseph Manning Wilson, recently a well-known corn merchant and shipbroker at Leith, has just been apprehended on charges of forging bills of exchange to the amount of between 2000*l.* and 3000*l.* He had gone to Australia after the commission of the offence, but he returned early last week, and was apprehended in Folkestone. His intention was to go to Germany shortly. He cheated the captain of the vessel which brought him home out of the passage money, by giving him a bill on the Bank of Scotland, payable at Coutts and Co's, London, which was dishonoured on presentation. In his original frauds, he was connected with one Jacob Christiansen, also a shipbroker at Leith, who has been already convicted.

OCTAVIUS KING, who at the last session of the Central Criminal Court, pleaded guilty of uttering forged acceptances, has been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

A WOMAN BENT ON SELF-DESTRUCTION.—A woman was charged at Guildhall on Monday, with stealing a purse; and, in the course of the evidence, the gaoler said she had been there twice before, once on account of an attempt to poison herself. She was remanded; and shortly afterwards screams were heard proceeding from the cells. The gaoler ran to the place, and found that the woman had torn off part of her petticoat, and twisted it so tightly round her throat that, had not assistance speedily arrived, owing to the outcries of some of the other occupants of the cell, she would have died.

A NOISY CHARTIST.—Mr. Daniel William Ruffey, formerly known as a Chartist, was charged at Bow-street, together with Mr. John George Dron, with creating a disturbance at the entrance of St. Martin's Hall on the occasion of the Saturday Evening Concerts. Both were the worse for liquor, and endeavoured to force their way in after the cheque-taker had refused to acknowledge an order which they had offered. Dron, who was the worst of the two, threatened the policeman who took them in charge; but his courage speedily failed him. He was fined forty shillings, and Ruffey twenty shillings.

A PRETTY SPECIMEN OF OUR GAME LAWS.—Two labouring men have been indicted at Holt, Norfolk, for a trespass in catching rabbits on a common called the Lows, the right of shooting over which had been let by the rector, churchwarden, and overseers (though their right to do so is very questionable), to a neighbouring gentleman. The offenders were brought before the bench of magistrates, one of whom (W. H. Cozens Hardy, Esq.) refused to concur in a conviction, as he doubted the right of the trustees to let the shooting over the common; but the others imposed on the men a fine of three shillings each, and expenses, making in all 28*s.*; in default, a month's hard labour. Of course, the men could not pay the money, and they have been locked up. The wife and children of the one, and the motherless children of the other, have been obliged to go to the workhouse; but subscriptions have been opened on behalf of these victims of feudalism. Notwithstanding the magistrates' decision, a considerable number of the occupiers of houses entitled to the Lows have since gone in a body, but peacefully, to their estate, and captured rabbits in the presence of a police officer, who looked on but did not interfere.—The *Norfolk News* having made some severe observations on Lord Hastings, the chief of the convicting magistrates, his Lordship has threatened to inflict personal violence on the editor. It is needless to say that this ruffianly menace has not tied our contemporary's tongue.

A FLIGHT AND PURSUIT.—Two men, named Thomas Sweeney and George Williams, were charged at the Worship-street police-office, with stealing a large quantity of lead from the roof of an uninhabited house in Lansdowne-place, Hackney. The inmates of the adjoining dwelling heard one evening a subdued hammering in the next house, and, knowing that it was untenanted, and that several robberies had recently been committed in the locality, their suspicions were aroused, and one of the family went out into the yard behind the house to see whether the back part of the adjoining premises was secured. He found that one of the windows was open, on which he raised an alarm, and the burglars, finding themselves detected, ran out at the front of the house, and fled across the opposite fields. They were pursued, however, by the gentleman who discovered them, and subsequently by a policeman and a fishmonger; but, having got considerably the start of their pursuers, the thieves would probably have escaped, had they not been seen by a surgeon, named Theed, who had just got into his gig, after visiting one of his patients, and who hearing the cries of "Stop thief!" immediately joined the chase. The fugitives here separated, each

taking a different course; but Mr. Theed succeeded, after a hot pursuit, in capturing Sweeney, whom he forcibly lugged by the neck into his gig. He then started off after Williams, whom he found engaged in a desperate struggle with the fishmonger; and he secured him likewise. It was subsequently discovered that the two men had completely stripped off all the lead from the roof of the empty house. They were both committed for trial.

THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE SYSTEM IN THE WEST-RIDING.—At the West Riding Quarter Sessions opened at Sheffield on Tuesday, Mr. Wilson Overend, the chairman, in his address to the grand jury, referred to the great increase of crime in the district, and to the ill effects attendant upon the release of convicts upon tickets of leave. He remarked that the number of prisoners for trial at these sessions was thirty-two, making, with twenty-five summary convictions, no less than fifty-seven convictions for felony in this district of the West Riding since the last sessions—a period of about six weeks, or an increase of twenty over the average number of cases at these sessions for the previous five years.

A YOUTHFUL CRIMINAL.—A girl, fifteen years old, living at Springfield, in Essex, drugged her father and sister's tea with opium a few days ago, rifled her father's pockets, while he was in a somnolent state, ransacked the house, and made off, starting by train for London. This is not the first time she has absconded with property.

THE ROBBERY ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.—William Snell, late the chief clerk in the accountants' department of the Great Northern Railway, was again examined on Thursday on the charges of theft and embezzlement which have been made against him, and he was committed for trial.

CRIMINAL ASSAULT.—Jacob Israel, a Jew, has been brought up at Worship-street, charged with criminally assaulting Julia Cohen, who is between seventeen and eighteen years of age. The young woman was seated at the first examination in a chair by the side of the witness-box, but appeared to be quite unconscious of everything passing around her. She now and then exhibited indications of pain and suffering, and rocked herself backwards and forwards on the seat, uttering short, sharp cries, and, there being reason to believe that she would be seized with fits, she was gently led out of court. The evidence was then gone into, and it appeared that the poor girl was idiotic. Israel was committed for trial.

BURGLARY AND INCENDIARISM.—A burglary, presenting some new and startling features, was committed at Stifford Parsonage, near Grays, Essex, early on Wednesday morning. The house is occupied by the Rev. W. Palin, rector of the parish, and a county magistrate. He retired to rest at one o'clock on the morning in question, leaving a sharp dog in one of the lower rooms. At six o'clock, the servants found the library window open, the glass having been smashed, and the shutters broken away by main force, sufficiently to admit a man's body. The secretary and drawers were found open, and a few small articles had been stolen. The worst remains to be told. On the carpet, within a foot of the window-curtains, a heap of ignited papers, books, &c., was found half consumed. It is considered remarkable that the house was not set on fire.—A burglary has been committed at the house of two old people, man and wife, the former a house-agent, at Pleasley. Having ransacked the house of money, the burglars left, and the old people next day were very ill with the fright.

ESCAPE OF A PRISONER FROM THE HOUSE OF DETENTION.—A prisoner, named Davis, who was confined in the House of Detention, awaiting trial at the next Middlesex Sessions at Westminster on a charge of stealing a watch, succeeded on Thursday morning in escaping by getting over the wall during the prevalence of the fog. It appeared that he had strung a number of hammock straps together, and at the end he tied the "goose" belonging to the tailors' shop. This he threw over the wall, where it is presumed, by a preconcerted plan, some one was ready to hold it, so that the prisoner might pull himself to the top of the wall. The escape was discovered at once, but the man had got clear off, and no tidings have as yet been heard of him.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY IN LONDON.—Between two and three o'clock on Thursday morning, a young man, engaged in the machine department of a daily journal, was proceeding through the London-road, Southwark, on his way to the City, when he was suddenly attacked by two ruffians, who inflicted a severe blow upon his head, which rendered him perfectly insensible for a time. When he recovered himself, he found he had been robbed of 11*s.* and the thieves had effected their escape.

OBITUARY.

GENERAL SIR HENRY J. CUMMING, K.C.H., until the last few days one of the few remaining Peninsular officers, has died at the advanced age of eighty-five. He entered the 11th Light Dragoons in 1790.

REAR-ADMIRAL BEECHET, President of the Geographical Society, and one of the heads of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, died on Saturday, in his sixty-second year. He was one of the explorers of the Arctic regions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COURT.—The Queen and the Royal family arrived at Osborne on Thursday.

ENTHRONEMENT OF BISHOPS.—Dr. Tait was enthroned as Bishop of London in St. Paul's Cathedral on Thursday morning.—The Ven. Archdeacon Bland was enthroned as a proxy for the new Bishop of Durham last Wednesday, the Bishop not being able to attend. It was stated in Durham on the same day that the Bishop himself would be enthroned on Friday (yesterday.)

A WANT OF THE AGE.—Our main want is protection. Not against competitive industry, but against confidential clerks, garotters, housebreakers, &c. This being the case, we shall go out of our way for once and advertise a meritorious invention by Mr. Morse, a mechanic. It is called *The Patent Door Fastener*, and is intended to do for a door that which cannot be done, apparently, by locks or bolts—secure it from the sort of 'pressure from without' which is a part of the burglar's craft. It is neat and portable, and may be so applied as to baffle the strength and cunning of the most experienced wearer of a crape mask.

SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON, according to the *Globe*, is likely to be appointed to the vacant Commissionership of Inland Revenue.

THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW.—The first sign of approaching Christmas may be noted in the opening of this midland exhibition of prize beasts and birds, suggestive of a hundred exquisite delicacies for the holiday dinner-table. To read of these fatted calves, bullocks, sheep, pigs, fowls, &c., might almost make an epicure out of a devotee from La Trappe, and must send those who are already epicures into a state of flavorous beatification. We cannot, of course, particularize the individual triumphs of the show, but we can state that the exhibition of live stock is reported to be of first-rate quality; that the pigs, in particular, are illustrious; and that the rapturous critic of the *Times* "especially admired the black pigs."—The Rutland Agricultural Show, in connexion with which a number of prize animals were exhibited, took place on Wednesday, when Mr. Augustus Stafford, M.P., presided at the usual dinner.

GAROTTE ROBBERY.—A woman is now under remand at the Southwark police-office, on the charge of being concerned, with some men not in custody, in a garotte robbery committed about midnight in London-street, Dockhead.

MR. COBDEN ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—In reply to a letter from some local committee at Bradford, calling his attention to the non-execution of the Treaty of Paris, Mr. Cobden, after observing that he does not see how he can act in the matter, writes: "I do not presume to know the precise objects of the 'Bradford Committee for Investigating State Affairs,' but if its attention be chiefly directed to our foreign relations, I would venture to suggest that, instead of wasting its efforts in the vain attempt to unravel the thread of our foreign policy, it would more wisely apply itself to the task of laying down an intelligible and honest principle on which the intercourse between this country and other nations ought to be carried on. There seems to me to be signs of a growing conviction that some restraint on our diplomacy is necessary; and I do not think it would be difficult to find a common ground on which a large amount of argument for a reform of our foreign policy might be secured among men of every shade of opinion on domestic politics."

COLNEY HATCH ASYLUM.—A meeting of the magistracy of Middlesex was held on Thursday at Clerkenwell, for the transaction of the general business of the county. After the minutes had been read, the Court at once proceeded to take into consideration a special and a supplemental report from the Visiting Committee of the Lunatic Asylum at Colney Hatch, relative to the alleged dangerous condition of some parts of that building, owing to subsidences and to deviations from the original specifications. It was resolved to refer the matter back to the committee.

ACHISON v. LEE.—The appeal against the decision recently given by Vice-Chancellor Kindersley in this case (which arose out of the British Bank affairs) is now being heard before the Lords Justices of Appeal. The decision is not yet given.

MR. MATHEW, late her Majesty's consul at Philadelphia, one of the British consular officers whose execution was withdrawn by the Government of President Pierce, has been appointed Consul-General at Odessa.—*Globe*.

PARLIAMENT will meet for the despatch of business on the 3rd of next February.

SUICIDE.—A young man, apparently a native of France, has shot himself dead in Highgate Cemetery, in a fit of despondency arising out of a love affair.

THE GAROTTE ROBBERIES.—In consequence of the increase of this system of street-robbery, the police authorities have resolved on placing an additional number of constables on duty after ten o'clock at night, and in the outskirts the mounted patrol are doubled. This new regulation came into operation last Saturday evening.

PENSION TO MR. PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.—The *Nottingham Review* states that her Majesty, on the recommendation of Lord Palmerston, has conferred a pension

upon Mr. Philip James Bailey, the author of "*Pestus*," of 100*l.* per annum, in consideration of his great talents as a poet.

MR. SERJEANT KINGLAKE having vacated the Recorder'ship of Exeter, upon his promotion to Bristol, Mr. J. S. Stock, Recorder of Winchester, is transferred to Exeter; and Mr. G. A. Arney, of the Western Circuit, is appointed Recorder of Winchester.

MIDDLE RACHEL.—The last mail from Egypt brings accounts of Middle Rachel. The state of her health remains nearly the same. No sensible improvement has yet taken place, but the disease appears to have been checked.

LITERARY RECREATIONS AT MANCHESTER.—Mr. Thackeray commences his course of lectures on the 'Four Georges' at the Free Trade-hall, Manchester, next Wednesday, the 10th inst. Judge Halliburton, author of *Sam Slick*, has engaged to deliver an address on the 16th inst. to the members of the Manchester Athenaeum. This address is to be followed by subsequent lectures during the winter from Lord Lyttleton, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Stanley.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS.—Sir Fitzroy Kelly has addressed to Lord Brougham a letter pointing out the necessity for a speedy reform of these courts, and indicating the kind of alterations proposed to be effected by the Bill, which was the joint production of himself and of Sir Richard Bethell, and which he "hopes and believes" will be reintroduced next session.

Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, December 6.

THE SUBSCRIPTION FROM ITALY.

The Italian Committee in London have prepared a new address which we shall publish next week.

Professor Saffi has announced his lecture, at the Princess's Concert Room, Oxford-street, "Italy as It Is, and As It Is to Be," for Wednesday, the 17th of December. We trust that his recent unfortunate accident—the breaking of his arm—will not prevent him from rendering this great service to the Italian national cause. At all events, it is to be expected that the lecture must be postponed until January. The synopsis is excluded by press of matter from our impression of this week. Several other arrangements connected with the Italian movement in England will shortly be announced.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Baltic has arrived, with advices from New York to the 22nd ult., eighty-three passengers, and 551,362 dollars in specie.

The election returns are not yet fully completed. No tidings had reached New York of the missing boats of the *Lyonnais*. Some recent storms on the lakes have been very disastrous to shipping. Cotton is firm, flour dull, and freights to British ports steady.

THE CONGRESS.

The period for the assembling of the Congress is not yet fixed. It is thought, however, that the end of the month is likely to be the time at which the meeting will take place. The cause of the delay is to be found in the fact that the Porte has not yet decided on the representative it will appoint.

"A statement of the *Constitutionnel*," says the *Globe*, "as to there being no preliminary accord between all the great Powers, is not, of course, untrue, as the bad faith of Russia admits of no doubt as to her difference of opinion with the Western Powers; but the inference drawn from these remarks by some of our Paris contemporaries, to the effect that England, France, and Austria are not substantially agreed as to the execution of the treaty, is certainly giving too official a character to the statements of a paper so often repudiated by the French Ministry."

REPORTED FALL OF HERAT.

Letters from Constantinople to the 24th ult. announce as certain the fall of Herat without a struggle. The intelligence, however, is from a Persian source, and is not generally believed.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Returns of admission for six days ending Friday, December 5th, 1856, including season ticket-holders, 5615.

ARCHDEACON DENISON'S CASE.—The appeal in this case from the sentence of deprivation pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury was heard yesterday (Friday), in the Court of Arches, when the judgment was confirmed.

THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK.—What was intended to be the last examination under the bankruptcy took place before Mr. Commissioner Holroyd yesterday; but an adjournment for two months was resolved on. A dividend meeting has been advertised for the 23rd of December; but whether it will be declared is not yet known.

IRELAND.—Baron Richards has ceased to be Commissioner of the Incumbered Estates Court, under the operation of a royal warrant, received quite unexpectedly on Thursday.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A FRIEND TO THE YOUNG, and Mr. PROUDFOOT, next week LORD PALMERSTON'S PRAYER (from Oxford), is not exactly in our way. Still, we shall be happy to print a prayer of his Lordship's, when we hear he has made one. We do not undertake to return rejected communications.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1856.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—Dr. ARNOLD.

MURMURS IN EUROPE.

THE Swiss Sonderbund was the prelude to the European movement of 1848. FREDERICK-WILLIAM is raising in Neuchâtel a new agitation for the repeal of the Swiss Union, and there are other prognostics of a more general movement in Europe. Switzerland shows no signs of submitting to the Prussian Sonderbund; it holds the leading members of the conspiracy in prison, and all the 'representations' of Austria, Bavaria, and Baden, the 'mediation' of France, and the 'advice' of England, do not seem to have softened the resolution of the Federal Government. Every now and then we hear of an insurrectionary movement in some part of Italy. The Belgian people are not very well content to put up with the foreign interferences that restrain their Government in the complete vindication of religious freedom. The Holsteiners are as little contented with Austria or Prussia, who are now standing up for the local rights of the Duchy, as they are with Denmark, who took away their local rights. In France we see it reported that members of the old Republican party are coming forward to take some part in the elections,—to nominate their own candidates.

The difficulty is, to find men who will at once satisfy the working classes, yet consent to take the oath of allegiance to the Emperor. DE MALLEVILLE, DUBAUX, and MORTIMER TERNAUX, have been mentioned,—men who would do credit to any assembly, but scarcely to be considered the adequate representatives of a republican party. The particular difficulty will strike Englishmen as being of an unpractical kind. In France there is a Government *de facto*; it has lasted sufficiently long to be admitted as a political fact in France. An oath, we are told by those that use oaths, is to be accepted *animo imponentis*—in the spirit of him that imposes it. Certainly there are no adherents of the present French Government who can consider an oath to be more than an obligation for the time being. The oath of allegiance to the Emperor would lose its force as soon as 'the party' ceased to be Emperor; and there is little political virtue in being trammelled by restraints like one-sided oaths, imposed by those who regard them not. For there is no rule more sound in law, that there cannot be a bond binding only one side.

For the present, however, the effort of the Republican party may be taken less as important on its own account, than as a sign that the political discontent in France is arriving at a point where the people desire to give it action. In many respects the Government is contemptible enough. Whatever faculties the man at its head may possess, he is compelled to work with the assistance of those who treat the exercise of power as

mere trade; some of the highest among them actually employing their authority as a means of promoting joint-stock speculations. It is as if the leading men of the Capel-court of 1847 had got into the Government, and then formed a league with their *confères* in their own capital and in other capitals,—a holy alliance against the liberties of their own country. At present, these stock-jobbers who hold possession of power in Paris, are engaged in appointing their own accomplices as prefects. It is thus that Paris holds down France, and the joint-stock gamblers hold down Paris. But every word of censure which is passed upon the Government is, *à fortiori*, censure upon the French people. The more contemptible that is, the greater their humiliation.

The same humiliation is endured by the whole of Europe, with a very few exceptions. Take the ruling powers—FREDERICK-WILLIAM of Prussia, ALEXANDER of Russia, and FRANCIS JOSEPH of Austria; or other secondary men, FREDERICK of Denmark, who is constantly about to abdicate, from his own conscious unfitness for the rule of a State; MAXIMILIAN of Bavaria, a man of sense, but quite incapable of using the opportunity of a great throne to acquire any special note for himself; WILLIAM of Saxony, at the best a decent old 'foggy'; FERDINAND of Naples, who has proved stronger than his enemies from the mere inertia of his stupidity; ISABELLA of Spain, a woman who is ugly, silly, disreputable in her conduct, and distinguished principally by three passions—an idolatrous devotion to the Church, a hankering to restore the absolutism of her grandfather FERDINAND the Seventh, and a desire to be under the control of the mother who tyrannizes over her. The respectables, DON PEDRO of Portugal, LEOPOLD of Belgium, OSCAR of Sweden, VICTOR EMMANUEL of Piedmont, have been born to posts of too little power for the possession of any great influence in Europe. The best occupants of real power, are men who might pass as average officers in the army, or might execute with credit the duties of vestrymen; some of them, like FREDERICK-WILLIAM or FERDINAND of Naples, would be laughed at as candidates for the obscurest town council, some of them have such a character, that in decent society they would not be visited. Yet these are the people who hold possession of Europe, dictate its laws, regulate its life even in private. They effect this permanent conquest partly by the co-operation of men who trade upon statesmanship and diplomacy. Such men always have some auxiliary trade by which they make their fortunes. At one period it is the acquisition of estates through the royal favour; at another it is the traffic in the fees and privileges of office; at present, with that traffic in the patronage of office is combined furious joint-stock jobbing; and in the joint-stock jobbing the highest join. The Emperor of Russia is said to be about to sanction the publication of a journal in St. Petersburg to be called the *Actionnaire*, or 'The Shareholder,' for the especial purpose of promoting joint-stock enterprise in railway shares, steam navigation shares, &c.; so that St. Petersburg is threatened with exactly the same South Sea bubble passion as that which has seized Paris. If you were to take the few chief men in all the great capitals of Europe who really governed the world, you would find probably that there were not above half a dozen in each place. Two or three dozen men, therefore, royal and diplomatic, make the world their oyster.

And the people permit them; for this can only be done by the direct permission of the people, tacit if not positive. In each of these

cases you will find that it is impossible to overturn 'the system,' because the managers of 'the system' have hold of the great lever of power, the army. Where the people retain any real power, the army is not so completely separated from the body politic, as in Switzerland and America, and the British colonies. As yet the discontent of Europe assumes very mild expressions. In France, the Republicans try to elect three or four candidates; in Spain, they 'rise,' one town at a time; in Sicily, ditto; in Lombardy, when the Emperor goes to the theatre, the people—"stop away,"—a dreadful act! It occurs to us that other measures will be necessary if Europe is to be freed from its bondage and its disgrace.

ROME IN BELGIUM.

THERE has been in Belgium an official manifestation of that great Catholic conspiracy represented in France by the *Univers*, and in Austria by the Concordat. But Belgium possesses an independent party in the legislature, and a liberal party in the press; so that the blow which reduces the Austrians and the French to silence, excites the Belgians to controversy. Since the establishment of the Constitution, a more important debate has not been carried on in the Chambers than that on the conduct of the Government with regard to the Universities. The circumstances under discussion were briefly these:—

For a considerable period, the Roman Catholic party in Belgium have endeavoured to obtain a control over the University professors—the first step towards a Concordat. It would be difficult to describe the variety of methods employed—open attacks, secret persecutions, pressure on the Government, anonymous suggestions of scandal, violent preaching, and, finally, a set of vituperative pastorals condemning the system of public instruction as ungodly, dangerous, and profane. As long as the Jesuits stood alone, in unsuccessful opposition, the constitutional party felt, in some degree, secure. They knew that the religious liberties of the State would long need vigilant and vigorous defenders; but they had not begun to perceive the disfiguring process by which the Executive was being rapidly changed into a Catholic agency. This innovation first exhibited itself in a negative form. The Belgian bishops attacked the Universities, and the Belgian Cabinet neglected to vindicate them. That was a precursory sign of political infidelity. But the malignant efficacy of the pastorals became fully apparent when, not content with leaving the libels of the Church unanswered, the Minister of the Interior, in a circular dated the 27th of October last, prescribed to the professors the limits of their discretion, and rebuked them for introducing into their lectures "anything at variance with the religious dogmas accepted by the Belgian people,"—by the clergy, for the people, it must be understood. Some months previously, M. LAURENT, a professor of the University of Ghent, had been reprimanded on account of a publication on a subject quite distinct from that of his professional teaching; and M. BRASSEUR, for a similar offence, had been threatened with dismissal. The Minister, in fact, at ecclesiastical instigation, had constituted himself the Archbishop of Belgian Education, and had fulminated warnings and reprimands in aid of the Jesuit conspiracy.

That the action of the priesthood amounts to a conspiracy, was abundantly proved by M. FRÈRE in his speech in the debates on the address. The conflict, said the orator, turns on this point:—There is a party which maintains that Catholicism is compatible with liberal institutions; and there is a party

which maintains that the Catholic organization of society is irreconcilable with the modern developments of liberty. In France, the Catholic conspirators have reached such a height of arrogance, that men once regarded as the representatives of orthodoxy are rejected as dupes of perversion. Even M. DE FALLOUX and Father LACORDAIRE stand beyond the pale of this, which M. DE MONTALEMBERT calls the fanatic and servile sect, preaching despotism everywhere, and declaring that national freedom is incompatible with State piety. Already these reactionary doctrines prevail in the Belgian schools; already the Government has been induced to promote them in the Universities. The clergy, as the Minister of the Interior himself admitted, "would allow no science to exist, independent of Catholic dogmas;" yet the professors are rebuked for carrying their speculations beyond dogmatic limits, and refusing to fix their philosophical telescope so as to range alone over the vault of a Jesuit cloister.

"In my opinion," said M. FRÈRE, "a positive conspiracy has been organized against our institutions." In every Catholic school throughout Belgium, the endeavour is sedulously pursued to persuade the pupil that he cannot be a faithful Catholic, and remain in allegiance to the heretic Belgian constitution. To this policy the Church resorted after having vainly opposed the establishment of a public system of instruction, after securing the control of the primary and secondary schools, and preparing a complex machinery to supersede the scheme of superior instruction by the State. No school not placed under the direct supervision of the clergy is free from the attacks of the powerful clerical party, so that the law which was intended to provide the means of mental culture for all classes and creeds, has been distorted into a sectarian privilege, obnoxious to liberty, hostile to the constitution, and humiliating to the State. Never, however, did the Church betray an assumption at once so formidable and so repulsive, as when it demanded that none but doctrines compatible with the Catholicism of Jesuitry should be taught in the universities of Belgium.

The Church pretends to excuse itself by defining a subtle distinction. M. FRÈRE says, "You require that the system of superior public instruction shall be conformable with the doctrines of the Catholic Church." M. DECHAMPS replies, "We only require that it shall not be contrary to those doctrines." As if this were not conformity! The Church is to lay down its doctrines, and by that rule the professors are to square their teaching. This was made clear enough, when, in the midst of a debate almost broken into a dramatic dialogue by the impetuosity of the Belgian representatives, the Bishop of GHENT interposed, and said:—

All doctrine which is contrary to the doctrines taught by the Church must be false.

We must quote what follows:—

M. F. de Mérode: "The Bishop is perfectly right."

M. Frère: "Then you are of the same opinion."

M. F. de Mérode: "Certainly, the Bishop is perfectly right. If I were a bishop I would say the same."

A Belgian professor of political economy has argued that the exaction of tithes is unjust and injurious to industry. That doctrine must be suppressed, the collection of tithes being considered, ecclesiastically, a divine right, and the refusal of tithes an accursed sin. Yet, so far has divine privilege been overpowered by custom, that the Spanish and Austrian Concordats declare that, considering the changes that have taken place, tithes shall not be restored where they had been abandoned; but the Church reserves her right, which is holy and immutable.

The professor of political economy maintains that the lending of money at interest is a legitimate transaction. That, again, must be suppressed, the councils of Elvira and Vienna having laid it down that the lender of money at interest is a heretic. But churchmen, being sometimes in want of accommodation, have bought the money at a certain rate, and for a certain time, instead of borrowing it; thereby remaining faithful to their code! On these points the University and the Church have come into collision.

So, also in the department of civil law. The professor of this science taught that the judicial power in Belgium emanates from the nation, but that in a former period there was an ecclesiastical tribunal, with jurisdiction in matrimonial and other causes. Such a tribunal the professor condemned; his opinion being an offence to the clergy. He declared, moreover, the superiority of the civil contract over the religious rite in marriage—a principle of the Belgian constitution; but Pius IX, in answer to the King of SARDINIA, had asserted the contrary maxim. In truth, the Catholic Church, professing to uphold a body of immutable doctrines ramifying through every department of human inquiry, demands that science shall be her slave; and that the Belgian universities shall be transformed in centres of intrigue against the liberal constitution of the State. For several days the Legislative Chamber of Brussels debated this important topic, involving the question of confidence in the King's ministry; but, though the Cabinet obtained a majority, the censure has been too powerful not to be heeded. The violence of the Church and the hypocrisy of the Cabinet had evoked a high spirit, which found its expression in oratory of a kind not common in Continental Chambers. The Liberal party throughout Europe is deeply interested in the final issue of this remarkable struggle.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S QUESTION.

IF FREDERICK-WILLIAM were the representative man of Prussia, or the Frankfort Diet the representative assembly of Germany, no more would be heard of the Neuchâtel difficulty. But the Prussian king, with sublime pedantry, pretends to judge for 'his people,' and, therefore, raises a European question about 'his principality.' The great Powers are expected, in due course, to take part in this discussion;—not that it concerns them in the least, but that it may form the pivot of a new diplomatic combination. The king's advocates, indeed, affect to anticipate a pressure from all quarters upon the Swiss Federal Government, assuming that England, no less than the Powers of the Continent, is solicitous to conserve, as far as possible, the political settlements of 1815. Such an assumption is purely gratuitous. Whatever may be the considerations that might incline France to act in unanimity with Prussia and Russia, and whatever may have been the vote of the Germanic Diet, it could not be the policy of Austria to encourage the march of a Prussian army across the territories of the Federation to the Swiss frontier. Ten Germanic resolutions would not weigh against the obvious interests and the hereditary jealousy of the Austrian Government. Again, it is represented to the Cabinet at Berlin, by the abettors of the Prussian claim, that the refusal of the Federal Council to liberate the Royalist prisoners has deprived it of French sympathy, that England will not, and Sardinia dare not, interfere; that Prussia, armed with the moral co-operation of Europe, may safely persist, and that Switzerland, thus isolated, must succumb, or suffer for the contumacy of her statesmen. Against this

view of the case there are some points to be urged, which are, no doubt, well understood at Berne. The ultimate opposition of Austria to any active course of policy undertaken by Prussia may be calculated upon, almost to a certainty. The disturbance of Europe by Prussia is the event most likely of all that can be imagined to bring a French army upon the Rhine. The protocol of 1855 may not be accepted, in London, as the apology for a war in Central Europe, provoked by the King of PRUSSIA in an interest which has never been more than a fiction. Nor is it to be allowed, for a moment, that the Swiss are incapable of self-defence. They send their soldiers abroad; but they have others at home, and could arm two hundred thousand men against an invasion of their mountains. They prepared, in 1838, to resist the whole power of France, and it would not be more hazardous to undertake a defensive struggle with Prussia. Those, however, were the days of magnanimous manifestations on the part of LOUIS NAPOLEON. France had demanded his extradition from the Swiss territory. The Swiss asserted their rights as an independent nation. But the refugee, now NAPOLEON III., would allow no sacrifices to be made for his sake by "the only country in Europe where he had met with support and protection," and which he called his "second fatherland." Moreover, we must take into account the probable consequences to the military governments of Europe of a democratic war begun in the Swiss Valleys, but which would create, perhaps, a rallying point for the disaffected in more States than one.

The political claims of Prussia will bear no examination. We will recite, briefly, the historical circumstances of her relations with Neuchâtel. There being in the sight of Governments no statute of limitations—though Polish, Hungarian, and Italian rights are supposed to lapse the moment possession ceases—the King of PRUSSIA refers to an ancestral title-deed, bearing the date of 1707. In that year died the Duchess of NEMOURS, the last legal representative of the House of ORLEANS-LONGUEVILLE, to which the sovereignty of Neuchâtel belonged. Fifteen claimants to the succession appeared, among them FREDERICK I. of Prussia. To decide upon their rights, the *Tiers Etats* of the Principality were convened, but on the day of trial, thirteen of the pretenders retired, leaving the Prince de CARIGNAN and the King of PRUSSIA to carry on the struggle. The King prevailed over the prince, it being adjudged that he, as the son of the Princess LOUISE, aunt of WILLIAM III. of England, was heir to the house of CHALONS-ORANGE-NASSAU, and consequently entitled to Neuchâtel. It may be taken for granted that the pedigree was proved, and that the verdict was judicial, though the election was one between the Catholic ascendancy, upheld by LOUIS XIV., and the Protestant ascendancy, upheld by LOUIS XIV's enemies. But we only refer to these proceedings in order to insist that they have nothing to do with the point at issue, and that it is mere puerility to bring forward that ancient election by legal authority in support of the Prussian pretensions. The Treaty of Vienna, quashing one privilege, affirming another, and creating a third, abrogated the pre-existing political settlements of Europe, so that Neuchâtel was assigned to Prussia upon grounds no better and no worse than those upon which Venice, Salzburg, and the Tyrol were assigned to Austria, Norway to Sweden, Lauenburg to Denmark. That is to say, the treaty restored some ancient titles, and treated others with contempt. The only question is, whether Prussia has a right to insist upon the literal execution of

the arrangements of 1815. It would be a mere platitude to say that if she has this right, Holland may claim the restoration of Belgium, Turkey of Greece, and Cracow of her independence, and that the great Powers are bound to assist the French nation in expelling LOUIS NAPOLEON from the throne.

The French nation does not solicit such interference and would not tolerate it. By the same moral law, then, that France is suffered to effect the virtual abrogation of the Treaty of Vienna by maintaining a BONAPARTE upon the throne, the inhabitants of Neuchâtel may demand to be released from the domination of a German power, whose territories are separate from their own, and to be allowed to rejoin that free confederation to which they naturally belong. The Principality was torn from Prussia during the wars of NAPOLEON, but was restored to her in 1815, under the guarantee of all the high contracting parties, and admitted as a member of the Germanic Confederation. In 1848 this compact was destroyed, the Principality detached itself from the Prussian monarchy, and FREDERICK-WILLIAM contented himself with obtaining a protocol signed in London seven years later by the representatives of France, Russia, and Austria. The assent of England was one of the acts which proved Lord MALMESBURY an incompetent diplomatist. But the will of the Neuchâtel people had been clearly ascertained, the recent outbreak of the small royalist faction being an immediate and ridiculous failure. To infer from the moth-eaten title-deeds of 1704, from the obsolete guarantees of 1815, or from the vague protocol of 1855, that Prussia has a right to produce a conflagration in the heart of Europe by invading the Swiss cantons, is indeed an ironical commentary on the value of political engagements. The Neuchâtelers owe no more allegiance to the HOHENZOLLERN than they owe to the PLANTAGENETS. They constituted themselves in 1848 members of the Swiss Confederation; the King of PRUSSIA was unable to reclaim them as Denmark reclaimed Schleswig, and Austria Hungary; and there the question rests. Eight years elapse and the new EIKON of Bismarck still mouths at Berlin about 'his principality.'

AN ENGLISH 'INTERIOR.'

A PEEP into the domestic doings of an English family has been afforded this week by a trial in the Exchequer. Some attorney, duly instructed, acts as Asmodeus, unroofs the house, penetrates to the parlour, then upstairs and into "my lady's chamber," showing us a pretty little girl of seventeen sobbing on the bed, while piles of her lover's letters are being returned, and "the cart" stands at the door to bear away—not her own pretty self to the scaffold as a frightened feminine reader might anticipate—but all the gifts which her young lover had profusely showered upon her.

"Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind," as poor OPHELIA says, and in this case the giver was "unkind." He talked of "embarrassments;" delayed answering letters, and did not call to see pretty little SUSAN frequently as usual. HAMLET, by the way, acted with like unkindness, but strangely enough, OPHELIA, "poor wretch," now thought of an action for breach of promise. She went to her "melodious death" without consulting an attorney. Miss SUSAN CRIPPEN was not of the same submissive mind. Her brother GEORGE, the LAERTES of this English play, had been treated badly by young FAREBROTHER, her lover. FAREBROTHER had given GEORGE a situation in his place of business at Stock

well, doubtless to please "SUSY;" perhaps bestowed in those moments of affection for the brothers of their sweethearts, which come to all young men of twenty-five. Old FAREBROTHER at first liked the match, and was glad to see SUSY CRIPPEN visiting at his house as his son's betrothed. He also talked liberally of setting up his son in business. Some hitch occurred, however, in his "wax, oil, and sperm works," and GEORGE, the brother of the young lady, was turned out of his situation. Now little SUE was a pet and a beauty and seventeen; perhaps poor GEORGE was her favourite brother; and so she wrote a sharp letter to her lover, upbraiding him for allowing GEORGE to be dismissed; she says, she holds him (her lover!) answerable for GEORGE's salary; she also alludes to the "regular split" in the FAREBROTHER family and firm intimidated by her lover, and takes him to task rather sharply for his ridiculous and thoughtless "proceedings, in thinking of dissolving the partnership with his father." The *Globe* says, naturally enough:—

This is altogether a new view of crosses in love. We can well imagine that ROMEO would have made a very indifferent man of business, especially if he had been placed by the paternal MONTAGUE at the head of wax, oil, and sperm works in Verona; but how astonished would ROMEO have been if JULIET had pointed out to him the thoughtless character of his commercial proceedings;—if she had represented the peculiar injury done to TRYALT and had told her lover that he would be answerable for TRYALT's income until he could get a situation.

Some more angry letters succeed. SUSAN writes finally to know whether the correspondence is to cease, but the tone of the letter betrays the little girl not quite unwilling to "kiss and be friends." She says that a clear understanding is not only her own wish, "which is considered nothing by you," but mamma's particular desire, and, still familiar, writes, "RHODA" (her sister) "will call for your answer in the afternoon—which is considered nothing by you!" Has not SUSAN in her drawers piles of letters dated "Wax, Sperm, and Oil Works, Stockwell," commencing "My own darling pet," and ending "Believe me ever, my own darling pet, your truly, loving, attached, and affectionate FRANK." And now was "her wish" nothing to him? Did she not hope for a refuting reply? But the answer came: "Mr. FRANK B. FAREBROTHER agrees with Miss CRIPPEN in thinking that all further correspondence had better cease, agreeably to her note of yesterday." This looks rather crafty and insincere, for it is easy to see what SUSAN meant by asking for an explanation. Then follows another rather ungenerous act on the part of FRANK, the ardent lover who did "protest too much." He sends a cart—the "oil and sperm" cart, we suppose—to bear to his "precious pet" all the *souvenirs* she had given him (what an array of lockets, portraits, slippers, watchguards, books, and book-markers!), but with a coolness that must have come home to his business and bosom, he directs the carrier not to surrender SUSY's love-gifts until his own manifold presents—of which an inventory is forwarded—are delivered up. So the carrier stands inexorable in the CRIPPEN family hall; the cart is waiting, and SUSAN is sobbing her little heart out on the bed in her own room, the letters to be returned lying scattered on the counterpane. So ends act the fourth, and let us not call ARIADNE before the curtain. Act the fifth ends with the terrible retribution on FRANK—four hundred pounds damages and costs!

The only defect in this story is that neither the hero nor the heroine are faultless enough. We wish we could make out SUSAN a complete little treasure. We have a liking for her; she is spirited and clever, and we should not be surprised if she had

black piercing eyes and a pretty foot. But she is a little too *exigente* on behalf of "GEORGE." Why insist on FRANK continuing to pay GEORGE his salary? The most submissive lover would scarcely like that subsidy of a brother, however convenient he might be in facilitating interviews, acting as third party, or borrowing cigars. Then, why should SUSAN throw "oil, wax, and sperm" allusions on the troubled waters, instead of keeping her nice breath free from such associations? Also, why, after "all" her lover's letters are returned, are "twenty" retained, "accidentally overlooked?" And, above all, why did she consult an attorney? But we have not the heart to find more fault: we only think of the young pretty one sobbing on the bed as she sees her lover's letters going away.

On the side of the young lover there are also many faults besides the intensity of nonsense in the letters. If he had any sense of kindness left for his "darling little SUE," why did he send a "list" of the presents he required back? and why did he confide such a mission to a common carrier? Forgetting this, however, there are some excuses for him which we must emphasise, not for the sake of this young gentleman, but for worthier men in the same position. He becomes embarrassed; some "row" arises about "GEORGE;" there is besides a talk of dissolution of partnership. He writes a most loving letter to SUSAN, telling her "all about it," and showing in no one point an anxiety to make the embarrassment an excuse for breaking off his engagement. In reply, SUSAN writes the letter we have already referred to, reproaching him for allowing GEORGE to be dismissed, and sneering at his father, adding, "I think you must be as mad as he is," following up, however, with true womanly tact, "it has quite upset me and made me wretched." FRANK sends no answer; and then SUSAN indignantly asks "Mr. FAREBROTHER" whether the correspondence is to cease. FRANK ends it "agreeably to her letter." Now, Mr. FRANK is evidently not a *chevalier sans reproche*, but we must candidly say that many an honourable man might (up to that unfortunate reclaiming of the gifts) have behaved exactly as he was obliged to do. He found himself suddenly embarrassed, and instead of sympathy he meets with sharpness from the SUSAN of his heart. Perhaps it made him sour and ill-mannered; but some justification for his hesitancy as to wedlock lies in the fact that he is now dependent on his father, and owes him over 2000*l*.

We have no sympathy with young men who make a sport of 'engaging' young women, and then leaving them with all the unpleasant social associations of desertion. We should like to see such men punished. But we do not like to see a young lady paid for her sobs; we do not like to see a doctor come into the witness-box to describe physical depression, that the jury may rate the *solatium* higher. We consider it demoralizing to the whole community to see lovers' letters—(glowing enough, perhaps, with all their trash, to be pressed to red lips reading them over, though very dead in public type)—published far and wide, to be laughed at by those who laugh at everything said or done in earnest or in hot truth. Punish the man if you will, but do not 'reward' young ladies for having succeeded in alienating a lover. No one can tell the hundred ways in which lovers may legitimately quarrel and find out their mutual unfitness. A man, perhaps, should be made to pay for the privilege of changing his intention—but in cases, and they are many, where there are faults on both sides, why is it that we cannot punish the man appropriately

without proportionately rewarding the woman, who may have, by one open way, as we see in this case, or by a hundred secret means, only known to her lover, given him good cause to break off the match?

PALMERSTON IN PANOPLY.

WHEN Lord PALMERSTON quits office he will leave behind him some permanent traces of his administrative reign. The war establishments of the country have been organized upon a scale which would have astonished our foreign visitors in 1851. At several points of the coast new fortifications have been constructed; the barrack accommodation throughout the United Kingdom has been enlarged; and, more especially, the capacities of the great central arsenal at Woolwich have been doubled. The works in progress at this single spot demonstrate the resolution of the Government never to allow us to be surprised again, in the midst of peace, without the machinery essential for the conduct of war. To indicate the improvements at Woolwich alone;—to the old enclosure, containing about a hundred and thirty acres of ground, a hundred and four acres have been added from the marshes, the circuit of the new wall being nearly two miles. A new shell-factory, a new gun-foundry, and a new boring-mill, of vast proportions, have been erected, together with fresh depôts for military stores and clothing, gasworks for the supply of the arsenal, magazines, and a rocket-factory, in which the rockets are to be filled, in future, by hydraulic pressure. The old practice, by which the composition was hammered in with mallets, was at once costly and dangerous to human life.

No one can visit Woolwich Arsenal without perceiving Lord PALMERSTON's administration has been actively engaged in organizing a machinery by which, at any time, an adequate supply of the materials of warfare may be obtained from our home establishments. The deficiency of such supplies, at the commencement of the Russian war, was undeniable. What, indeed, could be expected from a country in which, as Lord HARDINGE declared, there were, five years ago, not more than fifty pieces of field artillery, and those mostly of the date of Waterloo. The new ordnance of heavy calibre at Woolwich may be now counted by hundreds upon hundreds.

The greatest work undertaken by the Government, however, in connexion with our military establishments, is the Victoria Military Hospital at Netley, on Southampton Water. This vast pile, the designs of which were prepared by Mr. MENZIE, the able surveyor of the Engineers' Department, Pall-mall, is intended to contain a thousand inmates—five hundred surgical and five hundred medical cases. It has been planned with a view to meet every possible want of the sick or wounded soldier, the disabled patients being even lifted from floor to floor by steam machinery. There will be accommodation for military men of all classes, as it is very properly anticipated that officers may from time to time arrive at Southampton so disabled by their wounds, or by the effects of unhealthy climates, that they must be placed at once under the most scientific and assiduous treatment. Those who recollect the reproach we incurred through the deficiency of hospital accommodation during the Russian war will appreciate the importance of the great edifice at Netley.

The various works authorized by Lord PALMERSTON for the improvement of our material military organization, are creditable to his energy. There is, undoubtedly, a great deal of English vigour and sagacity in his constitution.

DUTY OF THE FUTURE IN FRANCE.

It has been the invariable error of a certain section of Liberals in France to attempt, by one act, and in one day, not only to implant free institutions in the soil, but to distribute the ripest fruits of liberty before liberty itself has been achieved. They forget that the fructifying process is a work of time. Their constitution springs into life and form as by enchantment; it is proposed, modified, enacted; the nation rejoices under its roof; at the first shock the fabric trembles; the first conspiracy drags it to the ground. The revolution is converted into a saturnalia, horrible in 1793, absurd in 1848; and the practical intriguer supersedes the mechanicians who are contriving new and beautiful developments of social order. The founders of the young constitution abandon it to wander among twentieth-century schemes, and the nineteenth century by a *coup d'état* avenges itself upon them.

Our friends in France will not misunderstand these remarks. We know that similar reflections have arisen in the minds of Frenchmen, liberals, patriots, statesmen, who will probably not be absent from Paris when the Revolution again resumes its eccentric but irresistible course. They are engaged in studying the failures of the past, and in accounting for the success of that *coup d'état* in which, the *Times* has said, "every species of cruelty, illegality, and perjury, was combined;" and, we are persuaded, they trace some of the national misfortunes, not to Bonaparte perfidy, Bourbon and Orleanist intrigue, bourgeois selfishness, and peasant ignorance alone, but also to the inconsiderate policy of that liberalism to which their lives have been devoted. It was not to be expected that a spirit so powerful as that of the Revolution should be evoked in France without exciting vague hopes, and encouraging visionary enterprises. Out of the deep it came, and it soared to the empyrean. But it was a disastrous impulse that made France endeavour, as M. DE TOCQUEVILLE says, to efface her own identity. At least it was an unhappy attempt, on the part of the men of 1848, to carry into effect those projects of re-shaping and re-colouring the social world, which fifty years of teaching would not have rendered intelligible to the rest of mankind. To represent the Revolution as an angelic omnipotence, is almost a more injurious fallacy than to represent it as a red spectre. Men smile at one, scowl at the other, and disbelieve in both. That such impracticable systems should be constructed and recommended by men who, as M. KOSSUTH suggestively said at Leicester, treat society as though it were a mechanism and not an organism, is natural enough, and not to be regretted, but that upon the morrow of an insurrection, with an old form of government vanishing and another to substitute in its place, these contemners of the present and the real, these prophets of a far future who beckon to us from their geometric pyramids, should be entrusted with the task of making the best of what they have in hand, is inconceivable and deplorable indeed. Social enthusiasts are seldom effective politicians, because they despise their instruments and their materials. But it is one thing to be bold, and to apply radical reforms to radical grievances, while it is another thing to treat a vast nation, of ancient growth, as plastic clay, to be converted into a work of art. Moreover, the pedantic application of logic to political reasoning is quite compatible with the loosest views of human nature, and a total defiance of the laws that have regulated from immemorial time the economy of states and empires.

We sincerely hope that, when the Liberal party in France resumes the position to which, by its virtue, its intellect, and its sympathy with the great body of the people, it is undoubtedly entitled, it will begin, in serious earnest, to fortify the liberties of the State. That can only be accomplished by seizing upon existing materials, and converting them into practical checks and balances, to prevent for the future such a determination of power in the hands of a few individuals as enabled the President and his accomplices to succeed in the crime they had plotted against the constitution and the law. Oaths are of no efficacy—witness LOUIS NAPOLEON. Universal suffrage is not enough—witness the second of December. A representative assembly is not enough—witness the arrest of the most distinguished citizens, honoured with the confidence of the people. What was wanting under the last Republic, and what is wanted for the future, is a solid, practical, moderate Liberal party, abjuring the jealousies of faction, capable of such public spirit as belonged to WASHINGTON, resolved upon preserving the liberties of the State, and willing to allow all complex problems to work out, in time, their own solution.

MR. DISRAELI AT THE TUILERIES.

The abasement of the Tory faction was not complete until Mr. DISRAELI went to Paris in search 'of information.' The meaning of this trick is clear. His friends, destitute of a policy, are in need of a pretence, the several pretences of the past year having failed them. They tried first to negotiate a compact with the party of Sir ROBERT PEEL; but their co-operation was declined, as not respectable. They even flattered the Manchester section, which was too honest to gain a victory with the aid of such allies. They impatiently disparaged the slow progress of the war; and, when they saw that peace was inevitable, they affected to argue for a settlement upon which their obscure hintings had not the remotest influence. Next, they 'put it' to the Liberal party whether it ought to support a Minister so non-progressive as Lord PALMERSTON, and cried, "We, after all, are the real reformers; we have more sincerity than the Whigs, and more power." But the Liberals would not have their assistance, and baffled all their attempts upon the public opinion of the country. Then, after a scene of miserable recrimination among themselves—a scene which excited more ridicule than interest—they agreed, or a part of them agreed, to represent Mr. DISRAELI as the mainstay of the French alliance, Lord PALMERSTON, of course, being its insidious enemy. Hence the visit to Paris, the telegraphic despatches, worthless as information, the conversations with Count WALEWSKI, and the efforts to obtain an interview with the Emperor, who ought to grant it, for he knew something of the Tory *gamin* in London.

Will not this transparent intrigue create in the public mind a feeling of disgust even more deep than that which was produced by the recent professions of liberality in the Tory prints? From one degradation to another Mr. DISRAELI will descend, to all appearance, until he becomes the scoff, not only of the great Liberal party, but of those Tory gentlemen who, while they cling to old-fashioned notions in politics, are too high-bred to be satisfied with the leadership of a schemer without principles, an inspirer of low lampoons, and bitter but barren personalities. It is because the nation utterly disavows the influence of a political faction so led and so represented, that, when Lord PALMERSTON's retirement is spoken of, men do not even allude to a DERBY and DISRAELI

Cabinet, but turn to Lord JOHN RUSSELL on the back benches, and beckon him forward.

THE LAW OF RABBITS.

FIVE men, on Saturday week last, sat in judgment upon two other men. The judges were:—Lord HASTINGS, the Rev. J. H. SPARKE, Col. ASTLEY, a Mr. PEMBERTON, and Mr. COZENS HARDY, justices of the county of Norfolk. The prisoners were:—JOHN LOADS, and WILLIAM HAGON, labourers. They were charged with catching rabbits on a tract of land at Holt, called the Lows, and their defence was that the Lows belonged to them. And this was true. The land is the property of the occupiers of certain ancient houses in Holt, in two of which HAGON and LOADS resided. They, therefore, had taken rabbits from their own estate and, as was proved, with the consent of the other proprietors.

How comes it, then, that JOHN LOADS and WILLIAM HAGON are suffering a month's imprisonment, with hard labour, for catching these rabbits? They were cited before the petty sessions of Holt, and it was shown in their behalf, that though the Lows were under trusteeship, the trustees were legally prohibited from deriving any profit or advantage whatever from the land, the whole produce of which, whether as pasture, the cutting of flags, ling, brakes, and furze, is reserved for the occupiers. Accordingly a multitude of wild rabbits are fed upon this not too grateful soil, but the trustees, in defiance, it would seem, of the Holt Enclosures Award under which they act, have rented the right of shooting over the Lows to a Mr. BARKER. Mr. BARKER probably instigated the prosecution, and a fine gentleman he must be, to let these poor fellows go to prison, with hard labour for a month, while the wife and four children of the one, and the two motherless children of the other, are consigned to the morbid mercies of the workhouse.

The best part of the narration, however, is to come. These justices, sitting like owls at Holt, have not the power or the courage to enforce their own interpretation of the law. They seize upon two poor labourers, and punish them as thieves and vagabonds for "trespassing" upon their own land; but, the *Norfolk News* tells us, "notwithstanding this decision, a considerable number of the occupiers of houses entitled to the Lows went in a body, but peaceably, to their estate, and captured rabbits in the presence of the police officer who looked on, but did not interfere." So Lord HASTINGS, and Col. ASTLEY, and Mr. W. H. PEMBERTON, and the Rev. J. H. SPARKE, are treated with proper contempt, although, unfortunately, they are powerful enough altogether to send two hard-working men to gaol, and a woman and six children to the workhouse. We should exonerate Mr. COZENS HARDY, who thought, very justifiably, that the rector, churchwardens, and other trustees, had no right to let the shooting on the common, and refused to concur in the conviction.

But the most pitiable part of the story concerns Lord HASTINGS. He was afraid of being exposed as a *Shallow*, and is said to have announced that if the Editor of the *Norfolk News* should remark upon his conduct in an obnoxious manner, he would inflict personal violence upon him. Here was, at once, a case for the petty sessions, at which Baron HASTINGS, alias JACOB ASTLEY, whose family motto is "Holding fast to justice," might have been bound over to keep the peace. But the Editor contented himself with promising the Peer a night with the police, should his courage be equal to his stupidity. As to the unfortunate men now in prison, a sub-

scription has been opened on their behalf, to which we earnestly hope the contributions of the public will be liberally devoted. Meanwhile, what an ignominious state of things—that the law should permit such an outrage, and that the bench of justice should be encumbered by such a ridiculous person as Lord Hastings!

Open Council.

IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write?—MILTON.

THE MOON'S MOTION.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Dec. 3, 1856.

Sir,—This subject has been ably discussed in your columns. It was mooted more than one hundred and twenty years ago: and the rotary dogma of the astronomers was then successfully upheld by Ferguson, who produced every plea for it, in an essay now before me, which has been put forth in this revived controversy. The common sense of the public mind is now, however, more freely exercised, and the idolatry of great names, and the passive deference of opinion to authority, less servile than in any past time. I believe the general public to be very extensively convinced that the old astronomers erred in attributing any motion of rotation on an axis within it, to the moon; and equally so in asserting that the rotation of the earth is complete in the sidereal day.

The former fallacy is, I think, sufficiently disproved by the fact that there is no axis or centre of rotation within the moon; and that all points in her body describe concentric rings round the distant centre of her orbit, and none round any point within her body. All lines drawn from any part of the moon to the centre of her orbit are radii of that orbit. These facts are perfectly incompatible with the definitions of rotating bodies given by all the best mathematical and mechanical authorities, such as Hutton, Barlow, Grier, &c., who make it a cardinal condition of rotation that each point in the rotating body shall describe a circle round a centre within itself.

It is perfectly obvious that water in a basin, owing to its gravitation, maintains its parallelism by allowing the basin to turn round it, which is in effect the same thing as if it rotated the contrary way to the revolution of the basin. This nowise proves the rotation of the basin on its own axis, but simply that it turns round: which no one denies that the moon does. The sole question is, how?

Will Lieutenant Morrison or Professor Whewell deny that a fly revolves round one's head in a given manner, which keeps flying round it, as we sit in an express train from Bath to London, because it is also going in nearly a straight line from one terminus to the other, at the same time? This is precisely the case with the moon in its double course round earth and sun. A body may have half a dozen distinct motions at once.

The sidereal day being the measure of the rotation of the earth is a positive blunder; which I have a very simple mechanical instrument to demonstrate. The rotation of no rotating globe, which is at the same time revolving in an orbit, can be complete until it presents the same meridian line again to the centre of its orbit. If its rotation be measured by any fixed point, external to that orbit, the return of the meridian line to it is hastened, or in other words shortened, by the orbital movement added to the rotatory one.

The practical effect of taking the sidereal day as the measure of time, is merely that of complicating (not of falsifying) all astronomical calculations. They measure by an immense number of tenths of seconds a little short, and instead of, twenty-four hours. They thus make the year consist of 366½ sidereal days or rotations instead of 365¼ solar days and rotations, as the fact is. The one extra turn is merely the orbital revolution which the moon alone has. It turns without rotating.

I do not intend to discuss this matter at length; but as I began it I could not refrain from thus backing a tottering error (maintained elsewhere with much dogmatism and ill-temper) has met with in your columns.—I am, Sir, yours very obediently,

JELINGER SYMONS.

THE MOON'S ROTATION.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

3rd Dec., 1856.

Sir,—There appears, to me, a total misunderstanding on the part of Mr. Kenward, and partly so with Mr. Morrison, as to the real question at issue.

In the four concluding paragraphs of Mr. Best's article is acknowledged all that has as yet appeared against it, with the exception of what Mr. Morrison says,—that "the moon does not really move round the earth at all, but moves in close company with the earth around the sun once a year." Whether this motion round the earth be real or apparent does not affect the real question. Nothing to me appears more clear, than that the article of Mr. Best is confined to a disproof of *separate, independent, axial motion*. Can that motion be proved? That is, can it be proved that the moon turns on an axis *within herself*? This is the legitimate question; to contend for that which is already in our possession, is to combat with a shadow. I would here respectfully observe, that to talk of synodical periods, and to remind us of the precise velocity of the earth through space in her annual course round the sun, does not reconcile the never-varying appearance of the moon, so far as we can see her, with her having separate, independent axial motion.

Mr. Kenward, it appears, does not understand what I mean by relative or subordinate, and primary motions. Did it not recur to his mind during his experiments, that the motions of the basin, water, and straw were all relative to *his* motion, and subordinate to it? That when his, the primary, motion ceased, that of the basin, water, and straw, being subordinate, ceased also. And does Mr. Kenward think that the moon would continue in the earth's path round the sun, were the earth *alone* to be obstructed? For the solution of this proposition I will not appeal to Sir W. Herschell, but to Mr. Kenward in his reflective moments. Should he, after due reflection, negative this proposition, he will then perceive the motion of the moon to be subordinate, and that of the earth primary. What else Mr. Kenward professes not to understand he has saved me the trouble of answering, by himself drawing a positive conclusion.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
JOHN TAYLOR.

ASSURANCE FOR ASSURERS.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

Sir,—In the good old times of Haroun-al-Raschid they used to nail bakers by the ears to their own door-posts when bread rose to an inconvenient price. "Investigator" believes in this sort of political economy. He would decimate, or quartate, the two hundred and odd assurance offices, and thus reassure assurers that they should receive a shilling's worth of assurance for every shilling.

Now, I believe, on the other hand, that by the working and counterworking of the two great laws—centripetal and centrifugal—of the social system—Association and Competition—all social and economical relations would adjust themselves. *Laissez-faire!* and, with as harmonious regularity as the rotation of the planetary bodies in their orbits (I shall say nothing here of the rotation of the moon on her own or any other body's axis), all social developments would correct their own aberrations, and society would at length discover and retain the destined tenor of her final course.

Let me state "Investigator's" argument analogically. There are 2567 bakers in the London Directory (let "Investigator" count them). Surely we need not so many persons to devote all their time and energies to the manufacture of loaves and muffins, when one well-constituted and economically conducted "Metropolitan Muffin and Crumpet Punctual Delivery Company," with one manager, and an organized staff of agents, clerks, and carriers, would supply the whole of London, and every eater of bread would probably save a penny or twopence a loaf in the shape of expenses now incurred from the hungry competition of 2567 rival establishments—one baker to every 1000 of the population, including women and Jews, although these may be held to be separately accommodated by the 771 retail confectioners, whom I find at pp. 1650 to 1653 of the standard statistical classic above referred to.

The two hundred assurance offices have their sphere of operation over all the British and Colonial world; the most ambitious of the 2567 bakers—10 bakers to every assurance office—do not extend beyond omnibus distance of Charing-cross. If the Neisons and the Scratchleys cannot remedy the evil, the matter, depend upon it, must mend itself. It is not to be done by legislative interference, but by the gentle peristaltic persuasion of

LAISSEZ FAIRE.

* Post Office London Directory, under the immediate and special patronage of her Majesty's Postmaster-General. Fifty-seventh annual publication. London: Kelly and Co. 1856.

THE "APOLLO AND MARSYAS" OF RAPHAEL.—Some particulars with respect to the opinion entertained by Dr. Waagen on the authenticity of this picture (of which, as the regular subscribers of the *Leader* will remember, we gave an engraving in the first year of our existence) are contained in the *Neue Preussische Zeitung*, speaking of a recent meeting of the *Wissenschaftlicher Kunstverein* (Scientific-Art Society). We there read:—"The secretary of the society raised a doubt whether already, in 1605 (the date given to the picture), Raphael was acquainted with the Apollo Belvidere—the character of which has some resemblance to the Apollo in the picture—as Raphael did not go to Rome until some time after. The original drawing for the picture by Raphael, in the *Insp. e Reali Accademia delle Belle Arti di Venezia*, and which the Venetian Catalogue, pointing to the picture in Mr. Morris Moore's possession, expressly and emphatically declares to be undoubtedly by Raphael, places the authenticity of that picture beyond doubt. At the meeting of the *Wissenschaftlicher Kunstverein*, there was no one, with, perhaps, the exception of Dr. Waagen, who, on inspecting the daguerreotype, &c., taken from the painting and submitted to the meeting by Mr. Morris Moore, did not at once recognise it as a genuine design by Raphael."

REVERSAL OF A DECREE OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT.—Dr. Lushington, at a sitting of a Judicial Committee of the Privy Council last Saturday, delivered judgment in the case of *Scoular v. Plowright*. It was, he said, an appeal from a decree of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, whereby the judge of that court pronounced for the will propounded in the cause, and condemned the next of kin in part of the costs. The will was propounded by Mr. Plowright, one of the executors named therein, and was opposed by Mr. G. Scoular, the only brother and next of kin of the deceased, Mr. William Scoular, a sculptor in Dean-street, Soho, who died in July 1854, a few days after the dating of the will, leaving personal property to the amount of about 4000*l*. Dr. Lushington said their Lordships were of opinion that the will was not the spontaneous act of the testator, who would seem to have been acting under control and duress. The will was prepared by a Mr. Edwards, the person principally benefited by it, and he, by his own admission, concealed the fact of execution from everyone during the lifetime of the deceased, and destroyed the instructions for it. Their Lordships could not therefore affirm the judgment of the Court below, but would advise her Majesty that the decree must be reversed; and, believing it to be a case in which gross fraud had been perpetrated, they must condemn the party propounding the will in all the costs incurred.

THE NEW BISHOP OF RIPON.—Lord Palmerston, on Friday week, offered the vacant Bishopric of Ripon to the Rev. Robert Bickersteth, by whom it was accepted. The new bishop belongs to the Evangelical section of the Church of England. He is a nephew of the late Lord Langdale, and originally studied for the medical profession; indeed, he is even now a member of the College of Surgeons and of Apothecaries' Hall. It is stated that the honour now conferred on him came quite as a surprise. The new bishop is only a little above forty.

THE WEATHER.—We have been through the whole of this week in mid-winter. Not only is Scotland and the north of England covered with snow, and ice-bound, but the metropolis also has been visited with intense frost. During Monday night, the thermometer at the Royal Humane Society's receiving-house fell as low as 19 deg., being 13 deg. below freezing point. At nine o'clock on Tuesday morning the mercury rose only to 23 deg., and even at noon, in the sun, rose no higher than freezing point. The wind was variable, but the principal quarter was north-west. The barometer indexed, during the chief part of the day and the previous night, 30.12 deg. The Serpentine River in Hyde Park was completely frozen over, but was in such a palpably dangerous state that Mr. Superintendent Williams issued orders that no one was to be allowed to go upon it. On the Long Water in Kensington Gardens, however, there were crowds of skaters and sliders. Two men fell in, but were rescued by the Humane Society's officers. Several persons also fell through on the ornamental waters in the Regent's Park. No casualty of this kind occurred on the round pond in Kensington Gardens, but a gentleman who was skating fell on his head, split it open, and was taken up insensible. He was afterwards, however, enabled to walk home.—A thaw set in in London on Thursday, and has continued up to the moment of our going to press.

THE SOUTHAMPTON ELECTION.—Mr. Edwin James has mysteriously disappeared from Southampton, and for some days past has not even communicated with his committee. His supporters were therefore brought to a complete standstill, and, having called a meeting, they indignantly resolved to abandon the missing Queen's Counsel who had so unceremoniously abandoned them. Mr. Alderman Andrews, the present Mayor, was then invited to come forward, which he consented to do, if he could see one thousand signatures to the requisition. A requisition was immediately put in circulation, which received the signature of nearly every elector present; and "James's Committee" is now accordingly converted into "Andrews's Committee." Sir Edward Butler, the Conservative candidate, and Mr. Wegelin, still continue their canvass with much activity.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE power of style is marvellously exhibited in DE QUINCEY'S contribution to *Blackwood* this month, "The recent Confession of an Opium Eater." In itself the thing is nothing, a mere figment, a dream-combination; but in its manner of presentation there is a peculiar charm, the style arrests you like the eye of the Ancient Mariner arresting the impatient wedding guest, and compelling him to listen to the tale; paragraph after paragraph of strange grave humour and powerful writing keeps your attention on the stretch. In another style, but also by mere force of style, another contributor to the same number fixes your attention in an article "On the Food of London," reminding one occasionally of Wilson's mirth and fancy, as, for example, in speaking of the Vegetarians:—

Some few years ago the vegetarians, who hold all flesh in abhorrence, contrived to bring themselves rather prominently forward under the auspices of the Peace Society. It was believed that, by abstinence from beefsteaks and suchlike, and by a universal substitution of brocoli, cucumber, beans, and Jerusalem artichokes, all pugnacity would disappear, and the spirit of the nation be tamed down to such a point that war could occur no more. These lads, whose addiction to onions rendered them exceedingly unpleasant in conversation, held soirées in various towns, and publicly munched their forage. We have heard nothing of them for a long time; but prefer believing that they have relapsed into the meat heresy, to the awful supposition that they have perished of bowel-complaints.

And this rhapsody:—

The grandest waking aspirations of Apicius or Lucullus, habituated as they were to stewed lampreys, barbels' beards, nightingales' tongues, and other approved comfitures of the Roman kitchen, must have been feeble, dull, and indistinct, compared with the visions which nightly haunt the sleep of the superlative convict. Why pity him for the scantiness of his fare, when we know that this forced abstinence has opened to him the vast realms of the world of imagination? Hears he not in his sleep the gurgling of perennial porter from pewter fountains as capacious as the springs of the Ganges, and cool as the lymph of the glacier? Fancy-driven by the gentle spiriting of thirst, he wanders by the margin of the brown aromatic stream, until, collecting itself for a gigantic effort, it thunders down, a glorious Niagara of stout, into a whirlpool, compared with which, the biggest vat of Barclay and Perkins is as an infant's pöringer. Ah, celestial froth—product of a million dream-pots—how pleasant seem thy whirling in that barny abyss to the parched palate of the sleeper! But a new phase intervenes. Hunger reasserts her prerogative, and the convict, led by Pluck, not Puck, marches along a road paved with periwinkles instead of pebbles, through an infinity of baked-potato stalls—a streaming avenue, where the savoury tripe, and the glutinous cowheel, and the bullock's liver, fit offering to the gods, mingle their meaty incense; and, in his distorted dream, he means over the infinity of his choice. Pity him, indeed! Why, the proudest alderman of London—nay, the Lord Mayor himself—would gladly surrender his dignity on condition that he should be visited by visions such as these. Fancy a City magnate retiring to rest—or what he supposes to be rest—after one of those civic banquets of which the newspapers give us such abundant detail. After two, or it may be three, helpings of turtle, with its concomitant punch—after a huge portion of turbot after *entremets*, which, like wafers, are absorbed by the enormous gullet—after capon and venison and game, not to mention pies and tarts, and custards, and marrow-pudding, and whipped cream, and blanc-mange, and jellies—the whole heterogeneous mass being washed down with sherry, champagne, madeira, hock, port, and claret—how can his slumbers be light, or his visions blissful and Elysian? Haunted is he by apparitions more horrible than ever rose before the view of geologist when contemplating the ruins of an earlier world. The turtle, swallowed so late, reappears in the form of a cawana or snapping tortoise, resting its unwieldy weight upon the aldermanic chest, and epileptically struggling upwards. Saurians surround his bed: pterodactyles rattle through the curtains. Bleeding turkeys and half-executed geese gobble and hiss in his ear. Visionary pies open of their own accord, and disclose a nest of serpents. Fear transforms him into an effigy of blanc-mange, and he dreams that he is smothered in custard. Thus does nature avenge the rapine of the remorseless and unconscious gourmandizer.

Style is a far more important element of literary success than is generally believed, and the reason why its importance is little recognized lies in the vulgar error of style consisting in mere manner or mere diction, whereas style is the expression of the writer's mind, bright, various, pliant, and full of images or suggestions when the mind is bright, capacious, and keen; heavy, monotonous, flaccid, and commonplace when the mind is all these. If men think commonplaces their style is commonplace, if they think for themselves their style becomes by that very fact instinct with life. Most minds are echoes, and almost all literature is consequently little more than words. Thus when the writer of the amusing biography of TALMA in the *Dublin University Magazine* says that TALMA was inferior to GARRICK in executive versatility, but he far surpassed him in classical acquirement and profound study of the ancient models," he is senselessly echoing a very foolish phrase often uttered by men who attach no definite ideas to what they say. Had TALMA been the editor of a Greek play, or the historian of ancient literature, his supposed classical acquirement and profound study of ancient models would have been just claims to our respect; but inasmuch as he was an actor, a French actor, an actor never called upon to perform the ancient models, and unable to make any use of his profound study in his attempts to portray the passions, the critic's praise is singularly misplaced. To make it more so, after echoing the platitude, he hastens to add that TALMA "took nature for his exclusive guide!"

The article is nevertheless amusing, and may be read even after REAUMEZ'S admirable memoir in the *Biographie Universelle*. The following answer given by TALMA to one who asked him if he were not deeply affected by the emotions he represented, is worth citing:—

"Acting," said he, "is a complete paradox; we must possess the power of strong

feeling or we could never command and carry with us the sympathy of a mixed audience in a crowded theatre; but we must at the same time control our own sensations on the stage, for their indulgence would enfeeble execution. The skilful actor calculates his effects beforehand. He never imprints a burst of passion or an explosion of grief. Everything that he does is the result of prearrangement and forethought. The agony which appears instantaneous, the joy that seems to gush forth involuntarily, the tone of the voice, the gesture, the look, which pass for sudden inspiration, have been rehearsed a hundred times. On the other hand, a dull, composed, phlegmatic nature can never make a great actor. He who loves his profession and expects to excel in it, must study from himself, and compare his own proved sensations under grief, happiness, disappointment, loss, acquisition, anger, pain, pleasure, and all the ordinary variations of human events and feelings, with the imaginary emotions of the characters he is supposed to represent. Not long ago," he added, "I was playing in 'Misanthropy and Repentance,' with an admirable actress. Her natural and affecting manner, deeply studied nevertheless, completely overpowered me. She perceived, and rejoiced in her triumph, but whispered to me, 'Recover yourself, Talma; you are excited.' Had I not listened to the caution my voice would have failed, the words would have escaped my memory, my gesticulations would have become unmeaning, and the whole effect would have dwindled into insignificance. No, believe me, we are not nature, but art; and in the excellence of our imitation lies the consummation of skill."

Here is an anecdote TALMA used to tell of NAPOLEON when that young artillery officer had just returned from Toulon with reputation but without employment:—

Napoleon had successively pledged whatever trinkets he possessed, rings, brooches, and watches, and his resources were entirely exhausted. The man of destiny was reduced to despair, and resolved to end all by a plunge in the Seine. On his way to the Pont Neuf, he ran against some one in his abstraction, and raising his head, recognized an old schoolfellow of Brienne. The latter had just received from his notary the sum of twenty thousand francs; the former was intent on suicide, because he had no longer the price of a dinner. They divided the money between them, and Napoleon returned to his lodging. If that warm-hearted comrade of the college had accidentally passed down another street, the history of the next twenty years would have been written without the names of Lodi, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Moscow, Leipzig, and Waterloo.

The writer then describes TALMA'S appearance in *Macbeth*:—

He was habited in a modern tunic or surcoat of claret-coloured cloth, trimmed with fur, tight pantaloons, and hessian boots. On his head was a round, black velvet cap, with an indistinct border of what appeared to be meant for tartan, and a single ostrich feather dangling from one side. He presented the appearance of a middle-sized, stoutish man, with a bull-neck, features of no particularly defined outline or expression in repose, and action of no extraordinary grace. He had not spoken a dozen lines before it was evident that we saw before us a mighty master of elocution, and a reflector of the passions, deeply studied and bountifully endowed.

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH PEASANTRY.

History of the Peasantry (Histoire des Paysans, &c.) from the Close of the Middle Ages to our own Times. By Eugène Bonnemère. 2 vols. Paris: Chamerot.

A PANORAMIC summary prefixed to M. Bonnemère's history represents the French peasantry as they existed during the first twelve centuries of the Christian era. The original liberty of the Gauls, the Roman invasion, the early preaching of the Cross, the monstrous insurrection of the Bagaudes, the subjugation of the Franks, the establishment of serfdom and feudalism, and the enfranchisement of the communes, are described in this elaborate chapter, introductory to the more formal narrative. The peasant is here exhibited, as he lived, the slave of the citadel and the convent, before the concession of privileges to the civic ranks created for him a third class of oppressors. M. Bonnemère then, keeping in view the triple line by which the serf was separated from his fellow-creatures, traces the progress of manners and laws to his own times. Up to the period of the Revolution the history is that of serfs and barbarians, for the French peasantry, in the gross, were nothing better. By political writers in France of both parties this is now generally admitted. The Breton and the Franc-Comtois, the Fleming and the Provençal had worn for hundreds of years the feudal stigma, and, unassimilated and unrefined, had scarcely anything to show why they should congratulate the human race on any discovery made since the days of Charlemagne. As late as 1789, the stains of savage centuries were visible in several provinces of France—traces of Phallic rites in the Limousin, and customs still more repulsive at Poitiers. Even to this hour Druidical fires are burned near Paris on St. John's-day, and the peasants of Brittany, the best authorities say, are disgracefully barbarous. The ruling orders, indeed—the nobles and the clergy, aided in later times by the bourgeoisie—accomplished all that was in their power to destroy the intellect and to deprave the morals of the peasantry. The peasant was to be made a brute, that the treatment of a brute might safely be inflicted upon him, and M. Bonnemère amply proves that, wherever he rose above the level of imbecility, he marked the earth with blood, and provoked a social war. The picture drawn of such a peasant by the annalists of the monarchy has usually been that of an assassin; history, before the Revolution, was but little used to deal justly with the serf. Nor has it yet atoned for the ungrateful and ungenerous omission. At Versailles, as says M. Taxile Delord, an ingenious critic of M. Bonnemère's work, royalty, clergy, nobility, magistracy, and bourgeoisie are represented, but there is no illustration of the peasantry. Yet the peasantry, from Vercingetorix to 1814, have borne the burden of every national conflict—have repulsed Roman, Englishman, Prussian; they have never had a statue; and, until M. Bonnemère wrote, they had no historian. M. Bonnemère himself complains of the systematic neglect with which the rural classes have been treated. They have had worshippers by the poets and abandoned by the chroniclers. They have had lyrists of all ages and races, from Hesiod to Roucellai, from Virgil to Vanier, to celebrate their idyllic labours, and create marvellously beautiful and illusive ideas of their felicity; but the historian has wandered in other ways, and followed the sword-bearer in preference to the ploughman. And why not? The ploughman has done little, hitherto, for the progress of the world, while the results of the soldier's activity have at least been important. However M. Bonnemère, while he partly belies his accusations of neglect by citing from page to page a dense array of authorities, has found the annals of the

peasant class in France sufficiently rich to form the basis of two useful and interesting volumes.

His picture of the feudal system is one of the most complete that we have seen, while to the historical student his narrative of the changes which since the twelfth century have slowly crept over the social state of France will be of the highest value. Nothing could be more remarkable than the contrast suggested by the first and last chapters of this work, which is written in a picturesque and varied style, and displays at once much learning, and a keen critical insight.

The history of the French peasant is the history of degradation and suffering. Nobles, priests, citizens, preyed upon him. He was their sport, their instrument, their property. They robbed him of his money, of his wife and child. To-day he renders service to the lord of the estate, to-morrow he watches on the border; then he labours to pay the crown dues; again, he is pressed into the unpaid employment of the Church, and while he is absent, some despicable soldier robs his cottage of all that is dear to him, morally or otherwise. To outrages of this kind he was exposed, not only in the days when Jeanne d'Arc died by fire, but to the end of the seventeenth century and later. M. Bonnemère gives a singular narrative in illustration.

A sergeant took lodgings with a Provençal peasant named Lèbre. This peasant was young, and had a beautiful wife. The soldier, accustomed to success, lost no time before insulting her, and when Lèbre resented his insolence, struck him in the face. The peasant insisted upon reparation, and proposed to fight his offender; but a clown had no right to revenge himself, so he was driven from his own cottage by a number of ruffians, who laughed at his impotent indignation. But he had formed his plans. Conducting his pretty wife to the home whence he had taken her, he said, "Father, I bring you back your daughter, a man does not deserve to have a wife who cannot protect her, she has been insulted, and I could not help it, but was turned out of my own habitation. I have no longer a home, and I have no longer a wife. Take her back, then, until I come again to claim her, and then you may safely restore her to me, for I swear that she shall be revenged, and that I shall know in future how to defend her." Neither the tears of his wife nor the beseechings of her father could turn him from his resolution; he left the country, and for a long time nothing was heard of him. He had overcome the habitual repugnance of the Provençal to a military life. He had enlisted; by military service alone could he be set free from the servitude of the soil, and he was determined to rise to an equality with the man who had struck him. Nothing should stand in his way; he would and must obtain his object. He had been taught nothing, he now learned everything necessary. Within eight years Lèbre was a sergeant. But that was not enough. He must now find out his insulter—not a very difficult task, since the number of officers of that grade was then very few, the soldier who wore a sergeant's epaulette considering himself not far from the dignity of a field-marshal. One day, accordingly, Lèbre met at Strasbourg the man he sought, and invited him to dinner with all the sergeants of the garrison. After dinner, he rose and said, "Comrades, if one of you had received a blow, what would you do? Answer me, sir," addressing his enemy. "Give another blow in return to-day, and fight to-morrow." "Very well," he continued; "you remember a peasant whom you struck, eight years ago, for endeavouring to protect his wife against you?" "Not the peasant, indeed, but the lady and the blow perfectly," the sergeant answered; the consequence being that Lèbre discovered himself, struck him twice, claimed the privilege of a duel, and before a quarter of an hour had passed, had stabbed his antagonist mortally. Not many weeks after, with the rank of sub-lieutenant, he obtained leave of absence, and rejoined and recovered his young wife. This was the early history of M. Lèbre, one time governor of Montélimart, near Bayonne. We do not remember having seen it romanticized or dramatized; but it suggests a stage-piece richer in situations than *The Lady of Lyons*.

With such passages M. Bonnemère's volumes abound. But their chief value consists in the broad and luminous narration in which he describes the several epochs of peasant history in France.

AURORA LEIGH.

Aurora Leigh. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Chapman and Hall.

SECOND NOTICE.

LAST week we considered *Aurora Leigh* solely as a novel, which to many will have seemed a very severe test, and one applicable to no other poem. Could we now speak of the poem with requisite detail we should occupy many columns, and extract many pages. The poem itself, however, will surely be in the hands of all poetical readers ere long, and we may content ourselves with indicating a few points only, and extracting a few passages.

Every one will be struck in *Aurora Leigh* with the affluence and effluence of mind, the exquisite and easy utterance of a spirit penetrating, reflective, and high-thoughted. The rich experience of a life is garnered up in these verses. Instead of presenting us with a mere play of fancy, the idle combinations of images, Mrs. Browning gives us her meditations and her feelings, expressed in imagery and musical phrase, but not sacrificed to these ornaments. Various, also, are the chords she strikes: beauty and wisdom, humour and satire, description and pathos, by turns delight us; and throughout there is felt the constant presence of a noble nature uttering its thoughts. The song is the song of a mind one feels to be purer and larger than that of ordinary men, or even more than ordinary poets. And the influence of the poem sinks deep into your mind, making you feel stronger and better.

Had we the privilege of knowing Mrs. Browning, and had she suffered us to see the proof-sheets of her poem, we should have begged her to remove one blemish, the iteration of which is particularly offensive—we mean the prodigality with which she employs the name of God, and the jarring introduction of Christ. The poets of the 'Spasmodic School' make fireworks of the stars, and drag the name of God into every dozen lines, because it is easy to produce effects by such means, and they only think of effects. In a poet every way so superior as Mrs. Browning, we are distressed to see this trick of iteration. It is not weakness in her, but mannerism.

Another and more deeply-seated fault is the occasional lapse into what we should call 'approximative writing.' After pages of concrete, picturesque, direct verse, such as only poets ever write, we are suffered to toil through pages without concreteness or picture of any kind; reflective without distinctness; mere vague preluding, and, to use a physiological illustration, organizable lymph in lieu of organized tissue. More than two-thirds of the poetry of the present day is of this mercurial nature. You get scarcely any of it in Tennyson or Browning: the first because he elaborates, the second because he thinks concretely whatever he thinks. Mrs. Browning is so genuine a poetess, and so prodigal in power, that the fault we speak of is the more surprising. It is as if a great writer wrote on when his brain was weary.

Here ends our fault-finding. To substantiate our praises we must send our readers to the book itself, or even to the extracts given last week. Long passages display the beauties best, for they exhibit the *largo* of her style, which is not broken up into unattached effects, but swells with organ-breathing roll, and exquisite modulations. There are lines and phrases which sparkle like jewels on the robe; but the grace of the robe is not caught from them. Thus fancy itself borrows some deep expression, as when, yearning for Italy, Aurora asks the hills if they are conscious of her yearning:—

Do you feel to-night

The urgency and yearning of my soul,
As sleeping mothers feel the sucking babe
And smile?

We shall cull a nosegay from this garden, and leave the reader to enjoy the fragrance:—

I could not sleep last night, and, tired

Of turning on my pillow and harder thoughts,
Went out at early morning, when the air
Is delicate with some last starry touch,
To wander through the Market-place of Flowers.

"It's the way

With these light women of a thrifty vice,
My Marian,—always hard upon the rent
In any sister's virtue! while they keep
Their chastity so darned with perfidy,
That, though a rag itself, it looks as well
Across a street, in balcony or coach,
As any stronger stuff might. For my part,
I'd rather take the wind-side of the stew
Than touch such women with my finger-end!
They top the poor street-walker by their lie,
And look the better for being so much worse:
The devil's most devilish when respectable."

How sure it is,

That, if we say a true word, instantly
We feel 'tis God's, not ours, and pass it on
As bread at sacrament, we taste and pass
Nor handle for a moment, as indeed
We dared to set up any claim to such!

"A man may love a woman perfectly,
And yet by no means ignorantly maintain
A thousand women have not larger eyes:
Enough that she alone has looked at him
With eyes that, large or small, have won his soul."

"That makes libertines:

That slurs our cruel streets from end to end
With eighty thousand women in one smile,
Who only smile at night beneath the gas:
The body's satisfaction and no more,
Being used for argument against the soul's."

"The sadness of your greatness fits you well:
As if the plume upon a hero's casque
Should nod a shadow upon his victor face."

"There's too much abstract willing, purposing,
In this poor world. We talk by aggregates,
And think by systems; and, being used to face
Our evils in statistics, are inclined
To cap them with unreal remedies
Drawn out in haste on the other side the slate."

"A woman cannot do the thing she ought,
Which means whatever perfect thing she can,
In life, in art, in science, but she fears
To let the perfect action take her part
And rest there: she must prove what she can do
Before she does it,—prate of woman's rights,
Of woman's mission, woman's function, till
The men (who are prating, too, on their side) cry,
'A woman's function plainly is . . . to talk.'
Poor souls, they are very reasonably vexed!
They cannot hear each other speak."

"And you,

An artist, judge so?"

"I, an artist,—yes,

Because, precisely, I'm an artist, sir,
And woman,—if another sate in sight,
I'd whisper,—Soft, my sister! not a word!
By speaking we prove only we can speak;
Which he, the man here, never doubted. What
He doubts, is whether we can do the thing
With decent grace, we've not yet done at all:
Now, do it; bring your statue,—you have room!
He'll see it even by the starlight here;
And if 'tis e'er so little like the god

Who looks out from the marble silently
 Along the track of his own shining dart
 Through the dusk of ages,—there's no need to speak;
 The universe shall henceforth speak for you,
 And witness, 'She who did this thing, was born
 To do it,—claims her license in her work.'
 —And so with more works. Whoso cures the plague,
 Though twice a woman, shall be called a leech:
 Who rights a land's finances, is excused
 For touching coppers, though her hands be white,—
 But we, we talk!"

"I am not sad:
 Not sadder than is good for what I am.
 My vain phalanstery dissolved itself;
 My men and women of disordered lives,
 I brought in orderly to dine and sleep,
 Broke up those waxen masks I made them wear,
 With fierce contortions of the natural face;
 And cursed me for my tyrannous constraint
 In forcing crooked creatures to live straight;
 And set the country hounds upon my back
 To bite and tear me for my wicked deed
 Of trying to do good without the church
 Or even the squires, Aurora. Do you mind
 Your ancient neighbours? The great book-club teems
 With 'sketches,' 'summaries,' and 'last tracts' but twelve,
 On socialistic troupers of close bonds
 Betwixt the generous rich and grateful poor.
 The vicar preached from 'Revelations' (till
 The doctor woke), and found me with 'the frogs'
 On three successive Sundays; ay, and stopped
 To weep a little (for he's getting old)
 That such perdition should o'take a man
 Of such fair acres,—in the parish, too!
 He printed his discourses 'by request.'"

These extracts, chosen for their variety, will delight the reader, but they very faintly indicate the wealth and beauty of *Aurora Leigh*.

HOWITT'S VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.

Visits to Remarkable Places: Old Halls, Battle-fields, and Scenes Illustrative of Striking Passages in English History and Poetry. By William Howitt. Third Edition. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

A THIRD edition of Mr. Howitt's work, in two beautiful volumes, claims more than a passing notice. More than eighty illustrations, designed and executed by Messrs. Samuel Williams, Richardson, Carmichael, and Weld Taylor, contribute their lights and shadows to this book of history, gossip, and poetry, of twice-told tales and cheerful reflections. Such a book, and such a writer, we are inclined to receive in a Christmas spirit, without casting a critical frost over the brightly-tinted fragments of history, or disputatiously examining opinions so warm, wild as they often are. When Mr. Howitt shows us over a castle, or through a picture-gallery, or from point to point of a battle-field, or leads us among the hallowed memorials of patriotism or genius, it is surely unnecessary to anatomize his 'views' of Wolsey's character, of Charles I.'s cause, or of Scott's poetry. We therefore accompany this pleasant guide from the home of the Sydneys to the grave of Derwentwater, resolved not to interrupt his narratives, familiar and fanciful as they often are, by historic doubts or prosaic analyses. It is enough that Mr. Howitt's work has many charms, that it is original in conception and in manner, that it is invariably elegant and interesting. It is, too, peculiarly national. As the Chinese visit the tombs of their fathers, the English visit all those homes and haunts that are called ancestral. Few, perhaps, are aware how powerful is this sentiment, of which Mr. Howitt is the representative. When an Englishman gropes in Pompeii or stares in Rome, we are sure to hear of it, since he is privileged to write a volume; but hundreds of a more domestic order are perpetually rambling, at home, from ruin to relic, from Norman to Saxon shrine, among the castles, abbeys, halls, and churches of England, lovingly admiring them, and falling into raptures and speculations which happily remain unpublished, though the Mechanics' Institutions suffer for it. To modest wanderers of this class the *Visits to Remarkable Places* is a handbook past valuing, while to the less enthusiastic and more leisurely people who read of Florence by their own firesides, and never travel out of their own countries, except as they travel into antiquity or the middle-ages—at home in octavo, cloth, they supply a series of historical and local illustrations quite as amusing as a novel—ought to be.

The hereditary habitation of the Sydneys; Bolton Priory, where lived the famous Countess of Pembroke; Hampton Court; Compton-Winyates; Tintagel, thirteen centuries old, that saw the hospitality of King Arthur and the beauty of Queen Geneva; and Wotton Hall, around which lingers the fame of Alfieri and Rousseau, are among the old English homes the traditions of which are collected by Mr. Howitt. His favourite battle-fields are Culloden, Flodden, and Edgehill. He has a feeling, also, for ecclesiastical antiquity, and dives into the chronicles of Winchester, Durham, and Jarrow. Occasionally, he passes from under the shadow of castle and cathedral walls to explore the scenes of Shakspeare's boyhood, or to follow Marmion through the 'epic' of Sir Walter Scott; but, obviously, he has heraldic tendencies, and assimilates in the choice of his pursuits with Ulster King of Arms. Rural life may be Mr. Howitt's subject; he may delight in Claudes and Titians, in the remains of old pastoral customs, and in the monuments of an age of architectural glory; but he is a Sir Bernard Burke in his devotion to baronial records. Not all the works of Rembrandt or Correggio have so much attraction for him, apparently, as an original portrait of Sir Philip Sydney; he is deeply fascinated by certain memorials of the Sherbournes of Stonyhurst; he is evidently moved by the sight of the armorial shield of Hilton. Moreover, his volumes prove what a wealth of romantic lore and of historical detail belongs to these old habitations of old

families. Not a tenth part of the field has been worked by the historical novelist. The banqueting hall of Penshurst, the story of the Shepherd Lord, the hiding-places of Compton-Winyates, the wife of Dean Whittingham salting her bacon in the coffins of saints, the maiden garlands still hanging in Wilton Gilbert Church, the tale of the murder and the apparition at Lumley Castle, the prodigality of the Delavals, and the bloody gap in the wall of Alnwick, are suggestive of far more romance than ever poets or story-tellers have extracted from them. What might not be made, for example, of Seaton-Delaval, where the opulent lord lived like an intoxicated Venetian prince, the most hospitable, gay, reckless joker conceivable. His house was a palace of vast proportions furnished with extravagant splendour, and here he perpetually entertained immense crowds of company, dancing, music, wine, and revelry, preparing the guests for frolics that would have amazed a Christmas audience at a theatre. His daughters were cynosures of beauty and Famiettas of frivolity. They once persuaded Garrick to lend them Drury Lane Theatre for a private performance. The brightest of the Graces of Delaval was Lady Tyreconnel, who had hair of such luxuriance that when she rode on horseback it floated on the saddle. She and her sisters and father were possessed by an overpowering predilection for practical jokes. They had trap-doors contrived under the beds of their guests, to lower them unawares into baths of cold water. They had movable partitions between the bed-rooms which could be suddenly hoisted up when the ladies and gentlemen, having retired to rest, were in a state to enter their beds. Much use has been made of these palatial pleasures by compilers and others; but a large store remains unexploited. The most interesting, though the most painful of Mr. Howitt's narratives, is that concerning the ferocious John Bowes, who killed one wife and tried to kill another, but lived to read his own epitaph written by the divorced lady. But the work abounds in passages of varied romance, and in its present attractive form is sure of increased popularity.

THE PARAGREENS AT PARIS.

The Paragreens on a Visit to the Paris Universal Exhibition. By the Author of "Lorenzo Benoni" and "Doctor Antonio." With Illustrations by John Leech. Constable and Co.

THE author of *Lorenzo Benoni* achieved a wide and instantaneous reputation, which *Doctor Antonio* did not diminish, although not increasing it. But if he publish another such a work as this *Visit of the Paragreens*, he will speedily lose all the prestige he has gained. It is every way unworthy of him, except as another remarkable illustration of his power over the English language, which he writes as few Englishmen can write it. The book is poorly conceived; it is a trifle admissible into a magazine, but not worth republication. The idea of a London cit visiting Paris with his family, and while there displaying the arrogance and ignorance of John Bull out of his own meadow, the dupe of shallow swindlers and his own tuft-hunting vanity, is surely so threadbare as only to be justified on its reappearance by some peculiar richness in the clothing. A Dickens or a Thackeray might treat this old topic so as to make us forget how old it was; but the *Paragreens*, although pleasantly and even humorously written, has none of the overflowing fun of Dickens, or Thackeray's incisive ease of satire.

Mr. Paragreen is a retired cork-merchant living at Peckham, and visiting Paris with his wife and four children, in order principally to astonish Peckham with recitals of the splendours witnessed. He mistakes a bazaar for the Exhibition and is large in contempt. At the hotel where he stops there is a swindler, who, passing himself off as a prince in exile, bewilders the Paragreen family by his condescension, and cheats them out of money. Two other swindlers, personating a marquis and a lord, extract money from Mr. Paragreen; and a young Dentist makes love to Miss Paragreen, thereby raising hopes in the maternal breast of a great match, until the real position of the lover is disclosed.

The treatment is, as we said, pleasant and humorous, with some good touches of observation, but there is no invention displayed, nor is there any novel observation of character. A fair specimen of the whole may be taken from the early chapter when the Paragreens arrived in Paris, vainly seeking a lodging:—

But, by this time, the last omnibus for conveying travellers to hotels had been gone more than half an hour, leaving no other alternative than to send for a couple of caddies, in which, after the family with their addenda of small packages, four trunks, and three carpet-bags, had been placed, there still remained three of the trunks, six bonnet-boxes, and a carpet-bag to be disposed of; and a third caddie had to be procured. "All right!" said Mr. Paragreen, in a cheerful voice, after giving the address of the hotel where he intended to stop, and the three vehicles set off, the bulk of the luggage in the first, Mr. and Mrs. Paragreen with Arabella in the second, Tobo, Miss Paragreen, and Emma in the third.

It was eight o'clock in the evening. Crowds of people were sauntering in the streets and on the Boulevards, glad to breathe the cool air of evening after the sultriness of the day—crowds of people sat enjoying their coffee and cigars in front of cafés—crowds of omnibuses, hackney-coaches, cabs, and private equipages of every kind, crossed and re-crossed in every direction. English, French, Sardinian, and Turkish flags were streaming out from shops and balconies. Paris, in fact, was looking as lively, coquettish, and bewitching, as only Paris can look when she chooses. But most of the witchery of the scene—keenly enjoyed, though, by the younger Paragreens—was lost for the nonce on their respectable parents, who sat with their heads out of opposite windows—one watching with anxiety the caddie in the van—the other the caddie in the rear. In this attitude they reached the Hôtel de la Cigogne, Rue St. Honoré, recommended by Mrs. Paragreen's cousin, Alderman Joliffe, who had spent some days there, and whose lips had pronounced the dictum of "a clean, respectable, reasonable house," so reverentially inscribed in Mr. Paragreen's note-book.

Mr. Paragreen being a practical man who left as little as possible to chance, alighted and said he would see the rooms with his own eyes, and settle with the landlord before any of the others got out, or any of the boxes were touched. The head-waiter of the Hôtel de la Cigogne, in shirt-sleeves, white cravat, and red slippers, was sitting astride a chair, his face to its back, puffing away at a cigar. The advent of the three caddies did not occasion any change in his posture—he did not even wink, an ominous sign indeed to the initiated. "Avez-vous les appartements?" asked Mr. Paragreen, walking straight up to this composed personage. "I am

not shore," replied the gentlemen of the shirt-sleeves, languidly rising. "Je viens de Mr. Joliffe, Alderman of Londres," continued Mr. Paragreen. This emphatic announcement made no visible impression on Shirt-sleeves, who shuffled his way to a sort of wooden cage in the court-yard, tapped at its window, exchanged some words with the person on the perch within, and received a key. "Gis way, Sar," and up a stair he patterned. "Premier étage, s'il vous plait," said Mr. Paragreen, benevolently. "Just floor he is full," replied Redalippers, who stuck as fast to his English as the retired cork-maker to his French, continuing his ascent as long as there were stairs to allow of the proceeding. Here he ushered Mr. Paragreen into a tolerably-sized room with two beds, and within which was a light closet with one bed,—the furniture of both rooms scanty, and not over clean. "Trop haut et trop petite," observed Mr. Paragreen,—adding in an explanatory tone, "manque un lit pour deux." "Pour douze!" cried the Frenchman, startled for the first time out of his phlegm and his English. "Pour douze," affirmed Mr. Paragreen, putting out two fingers. "Ah! I comprehend, pour deux—very good—we put a matelas to the ground." Mr. Paragreen hesitated a moment, and then asked, "Combien la prix?" "Two guineas for night." "Bless my heart!" exclaimed Mr. Paragreen, in his turn giving up his French in his amazement, "two guineas for such a hole!" "It is to take or to leave," said Shirt-sleeves, calmly. "Then I leave it, Sir," said Mr. Paragreen, tartly, going down the many flights of stairs like an india-rubber ball, and repeating to himself, "Bless my heart! two guineas for such a hole!—wish you joy of it, my man, wish you joy!" "Well?" inquired Mrs. Paragreen. "Impudent rascal!" said Mr. Paragreen. "Do you know what he asked? Only two guineas a night! Two guineas, Ma'am" (laughing irately), "for two dirty pigeon-holes at the very top of the house!—they would be dear at half-a-crown! Lucky that I am not one to buy a pig in a poke." "Ou allons-nous?" asked the coachman. "Chez l'hôtel," replied Mr. Paragreen. "Quel hôtel?" "Tous les hôtels," answered Mr. Paragreen. The Jehu, rather divining than understanding Mr. Paragreen's meaning, telegraphed to his two brethren, and they all moved on down the Rue St. Honoré, stopping at the first hotel they came to. Out went Mr. Paragreen with the same inquiries for "apartemens." "Plain comme un œuf," was the answer; "try next door." He did try at the next house, and the next but one, and the next to that, and at all the hotels in Rue St. Honoré, and received the same answer everywhere. Not a hole to be had. "Very odd," remarked Mr. Paragreen, beginning to look blank; "I don't understand it at all." "And it's growing quite dark," said Mrs. Paragreen; "the best thing we can do is to go back to the Seegong." "What! go back to that dirty humping of a place? I would rather sleep in the street," replied her husband; "it's a man's own fault, if, with money in his pocket, and a tongue in his head, he does not manage to find a good lodging for the night in Paris." Since his French dialogue with the head waiter of the Cigogne, Mr. Paragreen had recovered part of that confidence in his own French powers of speech, which had been somewhat diminished during his railway journey. "Ou allons-nous?" asked the coachman again. "Partout!" was the laconic rejoinder. Up Rue Castiglione, and Rue de la Paix, down Rue des Petits Champs, up Rue Vivienne, down Rue Neuve des Augustins, went the doleful caravan. In an out of the coach was Mr. Paragreen every two minutes, as if for a wager;—not a spare room, not a closet to be had for love or money;—very tantalizing, when every second house, he plainly saw, was an hotel. There really seemed to be a general conspiracy to exclude our family from the shelter of a roof. The Boulevard des Capucines, and the Boulevard des Italiens proved, if possible, more unfeeling than all the rest put together. The long Rue de Richelieu had but one answer to the eager and perpetual inquiry for apartments,—silent, often frowning shakes of the head. The waiters had manifestly no patience to spare. As eleven o'clock struck at the clock of the Palais Royal, the three citadines came to a full stop in the Place du Palais Royal. Mr. Paragreen was worn out by exertion, and Mrs. Paragreen not in the best of humours. "Les cheveux sont fatigués," said coachman No. 1. "Oh! ah!" answers Mr. Paragreen. "Hôtel de Seegong," cried Mrs. Paragreen, roused into taking the lead. The Hôtel de la Cigogne being near at hand, the coachman made no objection, and drove thither. Shirt-sleeves, with his white cravat and red slippers, was sitting on the same chair, puffing away at a cigar as before, in a reverie that prevented his noticing the three citadines, or hearing the voice of Mr. Paragreen calling to him from the coach window. Mr. Paragreen had to drink the dregs of the cup of bitterness, and get once more out of the citadine, and go up to the unruffled waiter. "Je prends des appartemens," he said. "No appartemens now," returned the smoker, laconically. "I mean the rooms you showed me two hours ago." "Gone—taken," replied Shirt-sleeves, sending forth a remarkable column of smoke through his nose. "I will give two guineas and a half," urged the Englishman. "Not for a condred dousand pounds," pronounced the despot in red slippers.

The upshot is that the Paragreens have to bivouac all night in the street, glad enough of the shelter of the two coaches, for which they have to pay sixty-three francs next morning, the practical Mr. Paragreen having refused to pay fifty francs for an apartment.

TWO BOOKS ON PHILOSOPHY.

Medieval Philosophy; or, A Treatise of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy from the Fifth to the Fourteenth Century. By Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A.

The Vocabulary of Philosophy, Mental, Moral, and Metaphysical, with Quotations and References. By W. Fleming, D.D.

Griffin and Co.

These two books, differing in aim and purpose, may, nevertheless, be noticed together, as both are addressed to the same small class of students. There are few metaphysical readers who do not need information on the subject of Medieval philosophy; there are few to whom a dictionary of philosophical terms will not be useful.

Whatever the Rev. Frederick Maurice writes is sure to bear the peculiar signature of an original and lofty mind—a mind thinking its own thoughts—having made them its own even when they are derived from other minds. A certain charm of style, and a perfect sincerity and earnestness of conviction, contrive to render even the arid speculations of Scholasticism interesting in his pages. But there is a serious drawback to the efficiency of this work, one by no means so obvious in the volume which preceded it on Ancient Philosophy; and that drawback is the absence of direct specific information, which would give an historical colour to the systems expounded. Mr. Maurice writes a dissertation on the Philosophy of the Middle Ages rather than an historical presentation of the philosophical systems; his dissertation is rich in thought, in knowledge, in subtlety, but it effaces all the specific characters of the systems, and gives them a modern and Maurician tone. To any person whose knowledge of the Middle Age writers was derived exclusively from this volume, we can imagine no greater surprise than would be felt on his opening one of Abelard's or Roger Bacon's works,

not to mention the still stranger treatises of Anselm or Aquinas. Mr. Maurice has produced a far more interesting work by his method of reproducing mediæval speculations; but although it will be read with greater pleasure, it will be read also with less profit. No definite image of the mediæval struggle will be gathered from these pages.

He opens with an introductory view of Latin Philosophy after Augustin, and before Gregory the Great, especially as illustrated by Boethius, whose works are analyzed. He then treats of the tenth century and of Scotus Erigena; the eleventh, and Gerbert, Lanfranc, and Anselm; the twelfth brings him to Abelard, whose principal works are noticed; to Hugo de St. Victoire, Peter the Lombard, and John of Salisbury; the thirteenth century comprises Albertus Magnus, Aquinas, Bonaventura, Duns Scotus, Roger Bacon, and Raymond Lully. We cordially commend the little treatise to all lovers of metaphysical literature, although its merits appear to us other than historical.

Dr. Fleming's work is one we greatly felt the want of in our 'sallet days.' It is not a dictionary of mere definitions, but a dictionary in which the terms are fully explained by showing whence they are derived and how they have been employed. There is a great quantity of philosophical reading worked into this excellent book, which is at once brief and perspicuous in statement, and impartial in temper. No student who can afford it should be without the Dictionary on his shelves.

THE "HOUSEHOLD WORDS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The Wreck of the Golden Mary. Being the Captain's Account of the Loss of the Ship, and the Mate's Account of the Great Deliverance of her People in an open Boat at Sea. The extra Christmas Number of the "Household Words."

"Household Words" Office.

THERE is one thing that we may safely predicate with respect to this three-pennyworth of genius, amusement, and fine feeling (a golden nugget, which, only a few years ago, would have sold for guineas, but which appeals to the universal public and the universal heart in these more liberal days) and that is, that, by the time these lines appear, the annual visitor from Wellington-street North, whom we look for every year as an integral part of our Christmas, will be winging his rapid and ubiquitous flight to every hearth in the Anglo-Saxon empire where a good story is admired or a generous emotion felt. For some years past, we have been accustomed to receive from the pens of Mr. Dickens and his contributors a collection of stirring and beautiful tales set in some bright and fantastic frame-work; and people have wondered at the fertility of imagination which could so often vary the same general conception. This time, it will be seen, Mr. Dickens abandons the land, and tosses us out into the wild, wind-blown seas, making us parties to a shipwreck and a rescue—an agony and a release. It must often have been observed that our great novelist has a kind of passion for the sea; and in the present Christmas number he writes as if he had passed half his life on deck in the midst of the vast ocean. The subject may perhaps be objected to as being too dismal for Christmas; but nothing which awakens our sympathy for our fellow-creatures—which draws us out of ourselves, and softens our hearts by the contemplation of the sore trials and pitiable needs of humanity—can be otherwise than fit for a season of religious holiday; and the veritable shipwrecks which are recorded in the newspapers this week give the fictitious narrative a singular, though mournful, pertinence.

The scheme of the number may be briefly told. The *Golden Mary*, commanded by one Captain Ravender, is bound for California, and on her way she meets with icebergs. One of the passengers is a mysterious, avaricious, selfish, cowardly old man, called Mr. Rarx; another is a beautiful little girl who goes by the name of Golden Lucy, because of her shining hair, and to whom Mr. Rarx, from some strange cause, seems to take a fancy. This child dies in the horrors of the shipwreck; her heartbroken mother surviving. Here is a bit from the description of the dark and icy sea in which the vessel founders:—

I had thought it impossible that it could be darker than it had been, until the sun, moon, and stars should fall out of the heavens, and Time should be destroyed; but it had been next to light, in comparison with what it was now. The darkness was so profound, that looking into it was painful and oppressive—like looking, without a ray of light, into a dense black bandage put as close before the eyes as it could be, without touching them. I doubled the look-out, and John and I stood in the bow side-by-side, never leaving it all night. Yet I should no more have known that he was near me when he was silent, without putting out my arm and touching him, than I should if he had turned in and been fast asleep below. We were not so much looking out, all of us, as listening to the utmost, both with our eyes and ears.

Next day I found that the mercury in the barometer which had risen steadily since we cleared the ice, remained steady. I had had very good observations, with now and then the interruption of a day or so, since our departure. I got the sun at noon, and found that we were in lat. 58 deg. S., long. 69 deg. W. of New South Shetland; in the neighbourhood of Cape Horn. We were sixty-seven days out, that day. The ship's reckoning was accurately worked and made up. The ship did her duty admirably, all on board were well, and all hands were as smart, efficient, and contented, as it was possible to be.

When the night came on again as dark as before, it was the eighth night I had been on deck. Nor had I taken more than a very little sleep in the daytime, my station being always near the helm, and often at it, while we were among the ice. Few but those who have tried it can imagine the difficulty and pain of only keeping the eyes open—physically open—under such circumstances in such darkness. They get struck by the darkness, and blinded by the darkness. They make patterns in it, and they flash in it, as if they had gone out of your head to look at you.

After the ship has split, and the crew and passengers have got off in the boats, they beguile the weary time and keep up their hearts by telling stories. At length they see a sail; but it wanes out of their sight, and darkness comes on again:—

Mr. Rarx went on raving louder than ever. The shrill wind was now hardly more shrill than he. He swore he saw the white frock of our poor little lost pet fluttering in the daylight, at the top of the mine, and he screamed out to her in a great fright that the gold was heavy, and the water rising fast, and that she must come down quick as lightning if she meant to be in time to help him. I called again angrily to the men to silence him; and just as I did so, the clouds began to part for the second time, and the white tip of the moon grew visible.

"There she is!" screeches Mr. Rax; and I saw him by the faint light, scramble on his knees in the bottom of the boat, and wave a ragged old handkerchief up at the moon.

"Pull him down!" I called out. "Down with him, and tie his arms and legs." Of the men who could still move about, not one paid any attention to me. They were all upon their knees again, looking out in the strengthening moonlight for a sight of the ship.

"Quick, Golden Lucy!" screams Mr. Rax, and creeps under the thwarts right forward into the bows of the boat. "Quick! my darling, my beauty, quick! The gold is heavy, and the water rises fast. Come down and save me, Golden Lucy! Let all the rest of the world drown, and save me! Me! me! me! me!"

He shouted these last words out at the top of his cracked, croaking voice, and got on his feet, as I conjectured (for the coat we had spread for a sail now hid him from me) in the bows of the boat. Not one of the crew so much as looked round at him, so eagerly were their eyes seeking for the ship. The man sitting by me was sunk in a deep sleep. If I had left the helm for a moment in that wind and sea, it would have been the death of every soul of us. I shouted desperately to the raving wretch to sit down. A screech that seemed to cut the very wind in two answered me. A huge wave tossed the boat's head up wildly at the same moment. I looked aside to leeward as the wash of the great roller swept by us, gleaming of a lurid, bluish white in the moonbeams; I looked and saw, in one second of time, the face of Mr. Rax rush past on the wave, with the foam seething in his hair and the moon shining in his eyes. Before I could draw my breath he was a hundred yards astern of us, and the night and the sea had swallowed him up and had hid his secret, which he had kept all the voyage, from our mortal curiosity, for ever.

"He's gone! he's drowned!" I shouted to the men forward.

Next morning they are rescued.

Such is the outline of the Christmas number. Of the incidental stories we have no space to speak; and indeed there is no occasion. The public instinct in such matters takes the place of criticism.

An announcement at the end of the number will give delight to thousands of readers. With the new volume of "Household Words," commencing with the first week of January, we are to have a continuous tale by Mr. Wilkie Collins, under the attractive title of the "Dead Secret."

ALMANACS.

The best is *Household Words Almanac*. It is the most popular, serviceable, varied. The information is well picked, sifted, and classified, and there are many choice fragments of counsel for firesides which will be treasured up in cottages, not through the year 1857 alone, but through succeeding years, until the accumulated *Almanacs* make a volume. The *British Almanac* is upon a more important scale: the contributions in the Companion being solid and useful essays on subjects of present interest. The *Crystal Palace Almanac* has its peculiar claims, being elegant, and judiciously arranged. The Protestant Dissenters know their excellent *Almanac and Political Annual*, which only needs a word of announcement. The same may be said of Parker's *Church Calendar*. For agriculturists *Morton's New Farmers' Almanack* is a practical yearly manual of very great utility. Publications of this class will rapidly supersede the trash of *Zadkiel*, *Raphael*, and *Old Moore*, with their blazing hieroglyphs of vermilion and yellow, deaths' heads gibbering at crowned heads, old mortalities gaping at monstrous coffins, British grenadiers charging against superhuman battlements, ships going down in burning seas, and bloody stars staining with malefic light the abysses of a blackened world! We await the New Year's-day which shall convert a million idolaters of this grotesque abomination to the common sense of that almanac called *The Household Words*.

THE CASE OF SWYNEN v. SWYNEN.—Further arguments, to a very great length, have been heard in this appeal case in the Court of Common Pleas, with reference to the alleged misconduct of Sir Frederick Thesiger and other counsel, to which we alluded last week. Mr. Kennedy again characterized that conduct in very strong language, and asserted that Sir Frederick, in order to coerce Mrs. Swynfen into accepting the arrangement he had made in her name, but against her consent, had had "the audacity" to assert that he had been informed in high quarters that the case would go against her. Counsel appeared on the other hand in defence of the arrangement that had been come to, and asserted that it is quite legal for counsel to come to terms on their own authority. Mr. Justice Cresswell said the Court would deliver judgment on the first day of next term. In the course of his several addresses, Mr. Kennedy accused Sir Frederick of being no gentleman, of bullying everybody, of uttering falsehoods, and of being guilty of joining in a foul conspiracy and a contemptible juggle. The judges found it necessary to check this intemperance of language.

THE MAIN DRAINAGE SCHEME.—The Metropolitan Board of Works, on Tuesday, proceeded to consider the report of the deputation to Sir Benjamin Hall; also, a report made by Mr. Bazalgette, the engineer of the Board, upon an extension of the drainage outfalls north and south of the river, and adopted by the Board on the 22nd October; likewise the points suggested in Captain Burdett's letter to the Chief Commissioner, and approved of by him. The engineer described in his report the nature of the works required for carrying out the plan approved of by the Chief Commissioner, and stated that the total estimate for the Metropolitan drainage, as thereby designed, would be 2,830,000*l.* It was proposed by Mr. Leslie, and seconded by Mr. Dennes, that the report of the engineer should be rejected; but the proposal was negatived by a majority of 17 against 4. The further consideration of the question was postponed to next Tuesday.—On Thursday afternoon, at three o'clock, a deputation from the Metropolitan Board of Works waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer (who was accompanied by Sir Benjamin Hall, the First Commissioner of Works), at his official residence in

Downing-street. Their object was to discuss the financial bearings of the drainage scheme. Mr. Thwaites, the chairman, said that he had made a calculation that, if the Government enabled them to borrow four millions sterling, to be raised by four annual payments of one million, by spreading the charge over a period of fifty years, then taking the present ratable value of the property in the metropolis, which was increasing annually, at 11,450,000*l.*, the rate for the area which was subject to their taxation would be 3 5-8ths pence in the pound, which would entirely repay the interest and principal of the sum required for these works in fifty years. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said the question was one for Parliament, and that he would consider the matter during the recess.

LORD LUCAN AND THE "DAILY NEWS."—The threatened action against the proprietors of the *Daily News* for an alleged libel on Lord Lucan in connexion with the late war was tried in the Court of Exchequer on Wednesday, and terminated in a verdict for the defendants, the announcement of which caused a burst of cheering from the persons present. Sir Frederick Thesiger was the counsel for his lordship; and, in the midst of his railings over the liberty of the press, and its alleged 'licence,' he observed, apparently with some regret, that "there is no power to check its progress—no public censor." In the course of his cross-examination the Earl was obliged to confess to his discreditable squabbles with Lord Raglan, his superior, and Lord Cardigan, his subordinate; and Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., who appeared for the *Daily News*, remarked, in the course of his address, that had Lord Raglan possessed the firmness of 'the Iron Duke,' both Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan would have been broken for their conduct.

SIR RICHARD BETHELL, the new Attorney-General, having presented himself to his Aylesbury constituents, a vote of confidence in him was passed without a dissentient.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, December 2.

BANKRUPTS.—THOMAS PERRY, High-street, South-west, confectioner.—EDWARD SMITH, Isleworth, baker.—EDGAR ADAMS, Brighton, laceman.—LEOPOLD REDPATH,

THE POST-OFFICE DIRECTORY.

The Post-office London Directory for 1857.

As usual, the *Post-office Directory* reappears (for the fifty-seventh time) with material improvements. Important arrangements have been introduced for dividing London into ten postal districts, persons addressing letters for London and its neighbourhood being requested to add to the direction the initials of the postal districts in which their correspondents reside. This may be easily done by following a simple plan simply explained by the Editor. The alterations rendered necessary by the great increase in the number of Post-office Order-offices have also been conspicuously noted, as well as the reduction on French postage, coming into operation on New Year's-day. As one instance of the lateness of the corrections, we may mention that the appointment of the Chairman of the Inland Revenue Board is recorded in the Official Directory. In every way, indeed, the reputation of the work is maintained. It is an indispensable volume of reference for every commercial man. Indeed, the *London Post-office Directory* is a publication which must be useful to every one, and to which every one should, at least, have easy and immediate access.

The Arts.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL NOTES.

THE SURREY has produced another of its 'dramas of breathless interest,' derived, as usual, from the French. It is called *Birds of Prey*, and has reference to railway schemers, swindling bankers, assassin duellists, and other gentry of the same kind, who weave between them a rather complicated plot, and give Mr. CRESWICK and the other members of the company plenty of opportunity for exhibiting all their energy and skill. The play concludes with another repetition of the *Cornish Brothers* duel scene (which appears to have grown into one of the settled conventions of the stage, predestined, probably, to a fifty years' existence); and there is much crime and remorse for the edification of the 'gods.'

Much approval having been expressed by the critics of the Westminster Bridge Road on the production at ASTLEY'S, a few months ago, of an equestrian version of *Richard the Third*, in which "white Surrey" was veritably "saddled for the field," the manager has produced *Macbeth* in similar guise. The equestrian spectacle, or show of horseflesh, however, is confined to the warlike portions at the commencement and end; and *Macbeth* himself is not made to ride twelve horses abreast, nor does his wife jump through hoops and over scarfs, to typify her self-satisfied conception of that "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself," or to express, mystically and symbolically, the ease with which she flies over the obstacles placed by conscience in the way of her desires. No, there is nothing of this kind; and we are forced to reflect upon what might have been made of a cavalry *Macbeth* by the genius of the classic Ducrow. Had he survived, and turned his attention SHAKESPEARE-wards, we might never have seen the PRINCESS'S star in the ascendant. But such are the decrees of the dramatic Fates.

FROM ASTLEY'S to the LYCEUM. MR. DILLON, on Monday, appeared for the first time before a London audience in the character of *Othello*, and was sufficiently successful to repeat the part on Thursday. We propose to give some critical account of him in this new dramatic phase next week.

BEETHOVEN'S *Fidelio* was performed, in German, at DRURY LANE, on Tuesday night, with Madame RUDERSDORFF in the part of *Fidelio*, Herr REICHART as *Florestan*, and Herr FORMES as *Rocco*. The *Huguenots* has since been produced.

Chester-terrace, Regent's Park, and Great Northern Railway Company's office, King's-cross, dealer in shares—JOHN MURRAY, Great Scotland-yard, coal merchant—GEOFFREY OCTAVIUS MINTON, Bourne, Lincolnshire, surgeon.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—W. CATHER, Wilton-grove, near Hawick, slate merchant—A. CLARK, Glasgow, tin-smith—J. HOWIE, Craigie, Ayrshire, farmer—J. ANDERSON, Stewarton, Ayrshire, draper—J. YODGO, Carlisle, grocer—W. BINNIE, Rawaynry, near Airdrie, baker.

Friday, December 5.

BANKRUPTS.—EPHRAIM FAIRHEAD, Cressing, Essex, cattle dealer and salesman—CHARLES BROWN, Oxford-street, milliner—JAMES SMITH, Egham Hythe, cattle dealer—DANIEL GREENAWAY PORTER, Philpot-lane, City, wine merchant—THOMAS BANKS, Chorley, ironmonger—JOHN VAYRO, Ripon, hincdraper—JOHN BERRY, RICHARD BERRY, and THOMAS BERRY, Rochdale, ironfounders—HENRY EVANS, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, grocer—ABRAHAM CORONEL, Minorities, cigar manufacturer—HERBERT GEORGE DEARLOVE, Palace-row, New-road, timber merchant—THOMAS FLEMSTON, Shrewsbury, Salop, builder—WILLIAM OVERTON, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builder—BENJAMIN LINCOLN, Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, builder—JOHN BARFOOT, North Stoneham, Hants, cattle and sheep salesman—MILES LORD and GEORGE ROSTON, Cage Mill, Lancashire, woollen manufacturers.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—ANGUS STEWART, Glasgow, tailor and clothier—GEORGE CAMPBELL SMITH, Banff, land surveyor—R. B. NEILL and ALEXANDER STEWART, Glasgow, oil distillers—Mrs. ANN FRASER, BRYAN of GORSE, Tobago-street, Carlton, Glasgow, agent—JOHN DICK, Sons, and Co., Glasgow, thread manufacturers—KEITH and Co., Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, jewellers.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

PEEL.—On the 28th ult., at Goodwick, Pembrokeshire, Mrs. Augustus Peel: a son.
SANDFORD.—On the 29th ult., the wife of Frederic Vassour Sandford, Esq., F.R.C.S., L.S.A., Queen's Own Light Infantry: a son, stillborn.

MARRIAGE.

OAKLEY.—BIGGS.—On the 13th of October, at Nynes Tal. R. H. Oakley, Esq., of the 18th N. I., second son of Thomas Oakley, Esq., of Lydard, Monmouth, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Rev. T. H. Biggs, rector of Whitborn, Herefordshire.

DEATHS.

BEECHY.—On Saturday, the 29th ult., at his residence, Westbourne-crescent, Hyde Park, Rear-Admiral Frederick William Beechey, F.R.S., President of the Royal Geographical Society, &c.
CUMMING.—On the 28th ult., at his residence, 15, Upper Grosvenor-street, General Sir Henry John Cumming, K.C.H., Colonel of the 12th Royal Lancers, aged 55.

LAMPES A MODERATEUR, from 6s. to 7l. 7s.—**WILLIAM S. BURTON** has collected from the different makers here and in France a variety that defies competition. As many imported from France are inferior in the works, William S. Burton selects at Paris from the best makers only, and he can guarantee each lamp he sells as perfect in all its parts.

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Old Silver Brunswick Pattern. Pattern. Pattern.

Table Spoons and Forks per dozen	38s.	48s.	60s.
Desert ditto and ditto	30s.	35s.	42s.
Ten ditto	18s.	24s.	30s.
Tea and Coffee Sets, Cruet, and Liqueur Frames, Waiters, Candelsticks, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of replating done by the patent process.			

CHEMICALLY PURE NICKEL NOT PLATED.

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The Directors hereby give notice, that a general meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank House of the Company in Lothbury, on Tuesday, the 16th of December next, at one o'clock precisely, to elect a Director in the room of Edward Ozonford, Esq., resigned, and that Herbert Taylor, Esq. (of the firm of David Taylor and Sons, Mark-lane), who is a duly qualified proprietor, has announced his intention of offering himself as a candidate for the vacant seat.

By order of the Board,
A. R. CUTBILL, Manager.
Nov. 23, 1856.

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London, November, 1856.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the *Morning Post*, Oct. 30, 1856.—"Exhibits exquisite artistic feeling in ornamentation, and perfection of mechanism in structure."—From the *Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 30.—"Excellence of design and perfection in workmanship."—From the *Morning Advertiser*, Nov. 1.—"The high repute which Mr. Benson has obtained for the qualities of his manufacture stands second to none."—From the *Morning Herald*, Nov. 3.—"The high standing of Mr. Benson as a London manufacturer must secure for him a large amount of public patronage."—From the *Globe*, Nov. 3.—"All that can be desired, in finish, taste, and design."

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